

RADIOLAND

December

10c

15¢ in Canada



Marge Minter
of "Myrt and Marge"

**COUGHLIN
VS
ROOSEVELT**

MARY PICKFORD
Tells What's Wrong
with RADIO

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

DECEMBER

10


CENTS



BROADCASTING COMPANY
AL LIBRARY
PLAZA, NEW YORK

Fred Waring
and
Babs Ryan

THE TRUE STORY OF *Russ Columbo's* DEATH



*"...and you can
actually **OVENBAKE**
in these pretty
TABLE DISHES!"*

THAT'S the marvel of these Oven-Serve table dishes. Every single piece can be used in the oven! All the bowls and serving dishes, platters and saucy individual French casseroles, the pie plates and custard cups—even the cups, saucers and plates—stand oven heat, oven baking. The dishes don't get that brown, cooked look either. They don't "craze." The bright sunny yellow color remains fresh and new looking.

Is it beans for dinner? Then ovenbake them in the individual bean pots. Or how about a baked meat dish or scalloped vegetables, or any one of a dozen, or a hundred, other things? Cook them in these dishes and whisk them from oven to table in the same dishes. Simplifies serving enormously . . . not to mention the way it cuts down on the dishwashing.

And OvenServe dishes are simple to wash, too. No scraping; no scouring; just hot water, soap and the dishmop.

Cost a lot? No, ma'am! Just a fraction of the cost of the kitchen ovenwares you know about. And OvenServe dishes have the added advantage of being table dishes, not kitchen ware. Buy them by the piece.



POPOVERSI Ummm!

One cup flour
¼ tsp. salt
¾ cup milk
2 eggs
½ tsp. melted butter

Mix salt and flour, add milk gradually to make a smooth, thin batter. Beat eggs until light and add to mixture. Add butter. Beat hard. Fill buttered OvenServe custard cups two-thirds full. Bake 30-35 minutes, beginning with a hot oven (450° F.) and decreasing gradually to moderate oven (375° F.) as popovers begin to brown. Makes six popovers.

OVENSERVE

Sold at Kresge

*5c & 10c stores and other
5c, 10c and \$1.00 stores*

"MAKE SURE THE RADIO TUBES YOU BUY ARE REALLY NEW"

radio's big stars urge you . . .



"REMEMBER, FRIENDS, EVEN AN ENGINEER CAN'T TELL A NEW TUBE FROM A USED TUBE. THESE SEALED CARTONS PROTECT YOU AGAINST OLD RADIO TUBES SOLD AS NEW AND THAT'S ONLY THE BEE-GINNIN'. IT MEANS THAT YOU FOLKS WILL HEAR OUR PROGRAMS JUST AS IF YOU WERE ABOARD THE SHOWBOAT WITH US."

Charles Winninger as CAPTAIN HENRY

INSIST ON THIS SEALED CARTON

and you are sure of getting genuine Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes

DON'T be fooled by old worn-out radio tubes palmed off on the public as new. Ask for genuine RCA Radio Tubes that come to you in a sealed, non-refillable carton. They can be tested without removing the carton . . . but the carton *must* be destroyed before tube can be used.

To increase your radio pleasure, ask your nearest authorized RCA Radio Tube Agent for the new Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes.

These are the tubes guaranteed by the RCA Radiotron Company to give you these five big improvements: (1) *Quicker Start.* (2) *Quieter Operation.* (3) *Uniform Volume.* (4) *Uniform Performance.* (5) *Sealed Carton Protection.*

BE CAREFUL

Hundreds of thousands of used radio tubes are being sold as new by dishonest dealers — slipped into new open-flap cartons — so you can't tell the difference.



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN in your neighborhood. It identifies a dealer selected by RCA to serve your radio tube needs.



LISTEN TO THE STARS
Tune in on Radio City Studio Party 9 to 9:30, E. S. T., every Saturday night over N. B. C. Blue network. Hear the big stars of your favorite programs—Fun—Music—Quick Flashes from John B. Kennedy, famous commentator.

RCA Kunmingham Radiotron RADIO TUBES

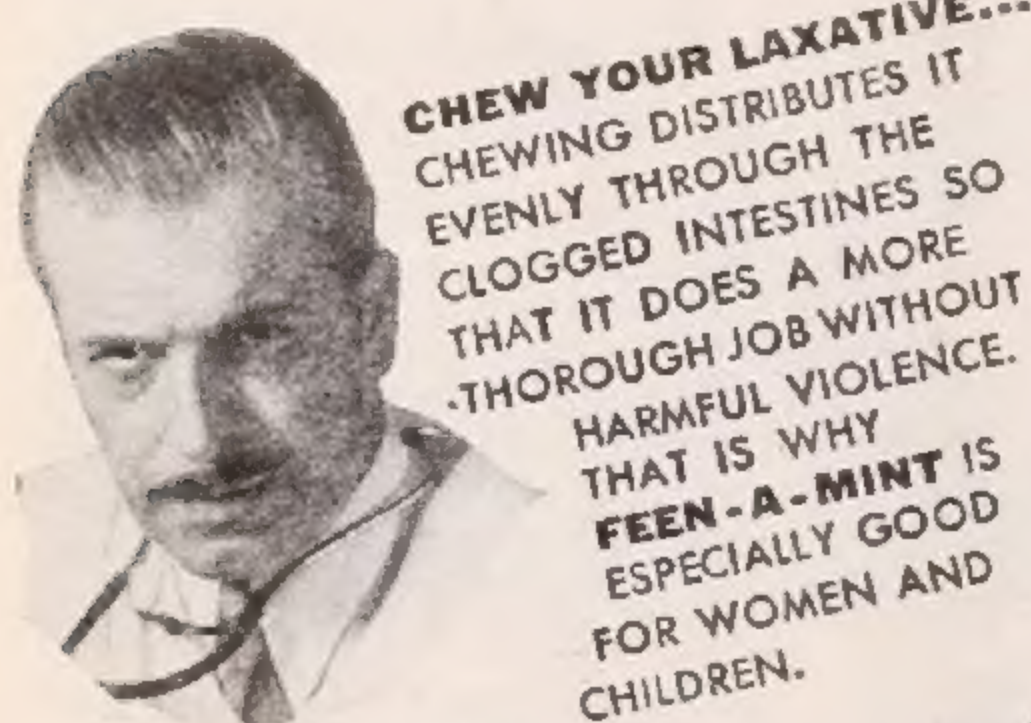
SICK HEADACHES were driving me CRAZY!



• I suffered intensely from sick headaches for years—until I wished my head would open to relieve the pain. Nothing seemed to help the constipation that caused them. When I was visiting my sister-in-law in Tacoma she gave me her favorite medicine, FEEN-A-MINT. I feel duty bound to let you know what a help FEEN-A-MINT has been. It cleansed out my system wonderfully—all the poisons went. And it keeps me so regular that I am a new woman. It doesn't cramp or gripe a person either. I've told all my friends about it.

The easy, pleasant way to combat constipation

Typical of hundreds of unsolicited letters in our files! Over 15,000,000 men and women have found that FEEN-A-MINT is the easy, pleasant way to combat constipation and all its attendant ills. It is *thorough* and at the same time *gentle*. Pleasant to take—children think it's just nice chewing gum. Because you *chew* it, it works more thoroughly than ordinary laxatives. Try it and see—15 and 25¢ at any druggist's.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE...
CHEWING DISTRIBUTES IT
EVENLY THROUGH THE
CLOGGED INTESTINES SO
THAT IT DOES A MORE
THOROUGH JOB WITHOUT
HARMFUL VIOLENCE.
THAT IS WHY
FEEN-A-MINT IS
ESPECIALLY GOOD
FOR WOMEN AND
CHILDREN.

**FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF
CHEW YOUR
LAXATIVE**

FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR

ABRIL LAMARQUE, ART EDITOR

WILSON BROWN, MANAGING EDITOR

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NEXT TUES. NIGHT *at* 9:30 E.T.

THE *Funniest and Brightest* PROGRAM

Laugh with Fire-Chief

ED WYNN

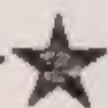
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GRAHAM MCNAMEE



Enjoy the Charming Music
of

EDDY DUCHIN



N. B. C. Coast to Coast





"Red Davis"—his youthful scrapes and triumphs will remind you of your own.

3 Weekly Waves of Fun and Drama "RED DAVIS" IS BACK!

YOU win, Radio Fans! "Red Davis" is rocking the air waves in a new riot of laughs and dramatic episodes.

Falling in and out of love—getting into trouble with all the old-time zest—there's never a dull moment when "Red Davis" is on the air. And all your favorites are back in this wholesome new fun-fest. Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Clink, Linda, Betty, Piggy and the others. But they're back with a whole bag of new tricks!

What will "Red Davis" be up to next? All we can tell you is that the answer

is more humorous, more entertaining than ever. So be good to yourself—don't miss a single one of this new series of "Red Davis" programs.



Betty Davis, who—well, you know what young sisters are like!

NBC • WJZ NETWORK
COAST TO COAST
MON., WED., & FRI. NIGHTS

Sponsored by the Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, New York, makers of Beech-Nut Gum, Candies, Coffee, Biscuits and other foods of finest flavor.



Morgan

Muriel Wilson, the Mary Lou of the Maxwell House Show Boat, says goodbye to her parents as she boards a United Air Lines plane enroute to Hollywood where she interviewed Lanny Ross for RADIO STARS. Remember her story in the November issue?

Notes from Our Memo Pad

● Romona, Paul Whiteman's singing pianist, and her husband, Howard Davies, are said to be living apart.

● John Young, NBC announcer, is still crazy about Alice Batson, socialite. They were to be married this fall, but for some reason it didn't happen or, if it did, it hasn't been announced.

● Roxy may be a grandfather again by the time you read this.

● Harry Conn is the fellow who writes those grand Jack Benny scripts. He's been working with Benny since the comedian's first stab at the mike.

● Rumor has it that Ted Husing's ex-wife and Lennie Hayton, ork leader, are arm in arm.

● Count Arturo, husband of Countess Olga Albani, has quit the contracting business to manage radio artists.

● And another rumor says that Madame Sylvia, the Hollywood beauty expert, and her young husband, Edward Leiter, actor and nephew of the late Joseph Leiter of Chicago finance fame, aren't speaking.

● George Burns and Gracie Allen, the CBS comics, are now the mudder and daddy to a little girl. Remember that story in last month's RADIO STARS about them wanting to adopt a baby? Well, that's what they did. They adopted a four-weeks-old baby on September 18, and named her Sandra Jane.

RADIO STARS

● Jimmie Brierly and Connie Gates, singers, are furnishing the romance talk at CBS.

● Gertrude Niesen has visited a plastic surgeon and now has a brand new nose. It seems Gerty didn't like the shape of the old one.

● The Princess Pat Players of NBC and the stork appear to be cooperating. Maxine Garner of the cast is the newest mother of the group. She is the wife of Mel Nelson, Jr., architect, and they've named the baby Sally June. Douglas Hope was the other actor to welcome the stork.

● If you've wondered what became of the Poet Prince of NBC, then here's the answer; he's running around the country doing vaudeville.

● Russ Columbo left no will, it is said. His estate is reported to be about \$5000 and his life insurance about \$100,000.

● The father of Mario Braggiotti, CBS pianist, died in September.

● Kenneth Raught, script writer for the Landt Trio and White, was recently married to Mildred Landt, sister of the trio.

● Rudy Vallee's next movie is to be "Sweet Music."

● The fourteen-year-old son of Al Goodman died in October.

● Fay Webb, Rudy Vallee's wife, will make her movie debut in "Vampire of Prague."

● Vincent Lopez is said to be romancing with Christene Marsen.



Jackson

Sigmund Romberg, renowned composer, directs his own program over NBC Saturday nights at 8 o'clock EST.

YOUR *Eyes*

SHOULD BE YOUR MOST ATTRACTIVE FEATURE

MAKE THEM SO WITH *Maybelline*

EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Maybelline Eyelash Darkener

instantly darkens eye-lashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE.



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



Maybelline Eye Shadow

delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.



Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream

A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.



Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.



● No woman looks her best when her eyes are blank and inexpressive in appearance. Scant, pale lashes, bald-looking eyelids, and unkempt eyebrows ruin otherwise beautiful features, while attractive eyes will make even plain women appear charmingly lovely.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara will make your lashes appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new and more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

*The Sheen
of Youth*



Nestle
COLORINSE

Keep your hair aglow with the glory of "youth". The "Sheen of Youth" is every woman's birthright and it's a distinctive beauty asset, too. Make your friends wonder how you obtained that joyous, youthful, vibrant color tone so necessary for beautiful hair.

If your hair is old or faded looking, regain its "Sheen of Youth" by using ColoRinse—use immediately after the shampoo. It doesn't dye or bleach, for it is only a harmless vegetable compound. Yet one ColoRinse—ten tints to choose from—will give your hair that sparkle and lustre, that soft, shimmering loveliness, which is the youthful lure of naturally healthy hair.

Also ask for Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS
NEW YORK



10c at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops
... Nestle ColoRinse, SuperSet,
Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo



Jack Smart, right; Leonel Stander, at the mike, and Minerva Pious, who make a living imitating everyone but themselves.

HE HAS 100 *Voices*

WHAT WILL you have? The gruff voice of a villain, the soothing words of a young man whose fancies have turned to love or perhaps that of a Greek taxi driver? Take your pick, for Jack Smart can imitate any voice you want. That's his way of paying the rent, buying his food and meeting tax collectors just the same as you might run a grocery store or clerk in a bank or make little rocks out of big ones.

Jack Smart is radio's versatile actor. He's the man who furnishes the freak voices for "Town Hall Tonight" with Fred Allen, "The Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre," "Forty-Five Minutes from Hollywood" and other such shows, both on NBC and CBS.

Don't think for once that his tal-

ents are limited to speaking part. He's a man who can pucker up his mouth and give the microphone the sound of everything from an Arkansas cow bawling for its calf to a police car with siren racing down Broadway.

Four years ago Jack had his first radio audition and got the surprise of his life by being hired right off the bat. Before that, he had been drummer and song and dance man at a little Buffalo, New York, cabaret. And an actor in stock, playing a variety of kinds of rôles.

He is still a boy. We say "boy" because Jack's still growing. And growing in the opposite direction that which you'd ordinarily expect. At his last weighing, the scales reported 230 pounds.

HER LIPS WON HIM FROM ANOTHER



**Natural lips win...
painted lips lose!**

SOFT lips. *Nice* lips. Never conspicuous with jarring red paint. Simply alluring with rosy color that looks as though it was her own!

Men say time and again that they cannot stand the painted-mouth habit. Yet they are the first to admit that pale lips are equally unattractive. So, to be your loveliest, you should color your lips without painting them. Sounds impossible but it can be done by using the lipstick that *isn't* paint. This lipstick, known as Tangee, intensifies the natural color now in your lips!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. On your lips, it's rose. Not a jarring red. But a glowing shade of blush-rose most natural for your type. Don't be fooled by imitative orange-colored lipsticks: Tangee contains the original and exclusive color-change principle that enables it to color lips beautifully, *naturally*.

Cheeks must not look painted, either. Tangee Rouge gives same natural color as Lipstick. In new refillable gun-metal case. Buy Tangee refills, save money.

Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens dry, chapped lips. Goes on smoothly... becomes a very part of your lips, not a coating. Get Tangee in 39c and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. Or for quick trial, send 10c for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set, Containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

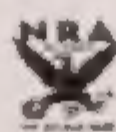
UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look... make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



(Below) A close-up of the favorite funny man, two-hundred-and-thirty-pound Jack Smart, the man with one hundred voices.



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET—10¢

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

MM124

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin).

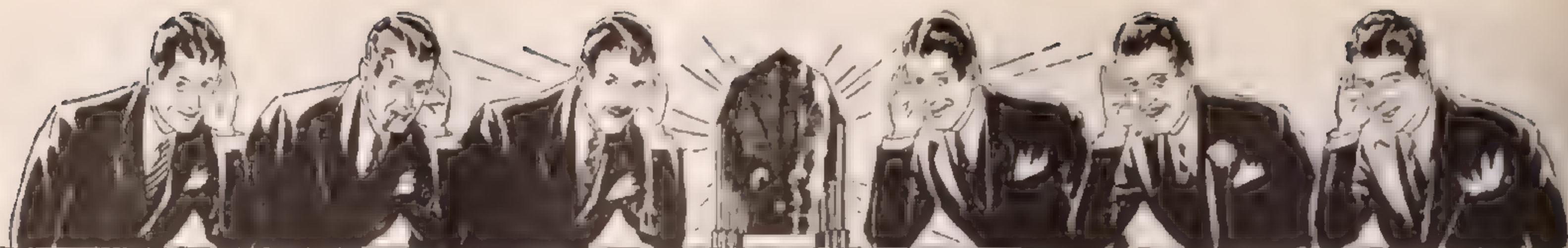
Check ☐ FLESH ☐ RACHEL ☐ LIGHT RACHEL

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RADIO STARS



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★★★★ Excellent
★★★★ Good
★★★ Fair
★★ Poor
★ Not Recommended

- ★★★★ PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT AND JOHN BARCLAY WITH NAT SHILKRETT'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★★ THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE GARDEN CONCERT WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT AND WILLIAM DALY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★★ ONE MAN'S FAMILY, DRAMATIC PROGRAM WRITTEN BY CARLTON E. MORSE (NBC).
- ★★★★ FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING AND HIS PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS).
- ★★★★ JACK BENNY, COMEDY, WITH MARY LIVINGSTON, FRANK PARKER AND DON BESTOR'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★★ "TOWN HALL TONIGHT" WITH FRED ALLEN, JAMES MELTON AND LENNIE HAYMON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★★ LOMBARDO LAND WITH GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★★ FLISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC).
- ★★★★ COLGATE HOUSE PARTY WITH JOE COOK, DONALD NOVIS, DON VOORHEES' ORCHESTRA AND FRANCES LANGFORD (NBC).
- ★★★★ PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC).
- ★★★★ CITIES SERVICE CONCERT WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE, FRANK PARKER, THE CAVALIERS AND ROSARIO BOURDON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★★ DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- ★★★★ THE HOOVER SENTINELS CONCERT WITH CHICAGO A CAPELLA CHOIR AND JOSEF KUESTNER'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★★ AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN, VIRGINIA REA AND GUS HAINESCHEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★★ RCA RADIOTRON'S "RADIO CITY PARTY" WITH FRANK BLACK'S ORCHESTRA, JOHN B. KENNEDY AND GUESTS (NBC).
- ★★★★ "IN THE MODERN MANNER" WITH JOHNNY GREEN (CBS).
- ★★★★ CAP'N HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT WITH LANNY RUSS, MORIEL WILSON, MOLASSES 'N' JANUARY, GUS HAINESCHEN'S BAND AND QUARTET.
- ★★★★ SILKEN STRINGS WITH CHARLES PREVIN'S ORCHESTRA AND COUNTESS ALBANI (NBC).
- ★★★★ "THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE NEWS" BY EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).
- ★★★★ "FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM HOLLYWOOD" WITH MARK WARNOV'S ORCHESTRA AND GUESTS (CBS).
- ★★★★ THE ROXY REVUE WITH "ROXY" AND GUESTS (CBS).
- ★★★★ THE BREAKFAST CLUB (NBC).
- ★★★★ GULF HEADLINERS WITH STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD AND FRANK PARKER (NBC).
- ★★★★ CALIFORNIA MELODIES WITH RAYMOND PAIGE'S ORCHESTRA AND GUESTS (CBS).
- ★★★★ "ACCORDIANA" WITH ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA, VIVIANNE SEGAL AND OLIVER SMITH (CBS).
- ★★★★ A. & P. GYPSIES WITH HARRY HORLICK'S ORCHESTRA AND FRANK PARKER (NBC).
- ★★★★ LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING (NBC-CBS).
- ★★★★ FRANK BUCK, DRAMATIZED JUNGLE ADVENTURES (NBC).
- ★★★★ EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VANITIES WITH ELIZABETH LENNOX AND VICTOR ARDEN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- ★★★★ ROSES AND DRUMS, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
- ★★★★ CLIMALENE CARNIVAL (NBC).
- ★★★★ CONOCO PRESENTS HARRY RICHMAN, JACK DENNY AND HIS ORCHESTRA AND JOHN B. KENNEDY (NBC).
- ★★★★ CHICAGO JAMBOREE, MUSICAL VARIETY (NBC).

THE LEADERS

The following are programs in the heap for the month.

1. Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre (NBC).
2. The Voice of Firestone Garden Concert (NBC).
3. One Man's Family (NBC).
4. Ford Program with Fred Waring (CBS).
5. Jack Benny, comedian (NBC).

All other four-star programs are ranked in order, the first the average of one ranking it above the average of another.

- ★★★ THE BYRD EXPEDITION BROADCAST FROM LITTLE AMERICA (CBS).
- ★★★ THE SINGING LADY (NBC).
- ★★★ WARD BAKING SHOW WITH JEANNIE LANG AND BUDDY ROGERS' ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- ★★★ EX-LAX PROGRAM WITH LUD GLUSKIN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- ★★★ PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO REISMANN'S ORCHESTRA AND PHIL DUFFY (NBC).
- ★★★ "LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT WELL KNOWN PEOPLE" WITH DALE CARNegie (NBC).
- ★★★ THE JERGENS PROGRAM WITH WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).
- ★★★ FNO CRIME CLUES (NBC).
- ★★★ STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS WITH RICHARD HIMBER'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★ WOMAN'S RADIO REVIEW WITH CLAUDINE MACDONALD (NBC).
- ★★★ RAYMOND KNIGHT AND HIS CUCKOOS (NBC).
- ★★★ COLUMBIA VARIETY HOUR WITH CLIFF EDWARDS AND GUESTS (CBS).
- ★★★ METROPOLITAN PARADE (CBS).
- ★★★ KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEE MUSIC (CBS).
- ★★★ LITTLE MISS BAB-O'S SURPRISE PARTY WITH MARY SMALL AND GUESTS (NBC).
- ★★★ THE SIMMONS COMPANY PRESENTS MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT WITH WILLIARD ROBISON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★ JERRY COOPER, SONGS (CBS).
- ★★★ THE SOUTHERNAIRES, MALE QUARTET (NBC).
- ★★★ IRENE RICH, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
- ★★★ PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS WITH DOUGLAS HOPE, ALICE HILL, PEGGY DAVIS AND ARTHUR JACOBSON (NBC).
- ★★★ NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR (NBC).
- ★★★ ROY HELTON "LOOKING AT LIFE" (CBS).

- ★★★ YEAST FOAMERS WITH JAN GARBER AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★ HOLLYWOOD ON THE AIR, GUEST STARS (NBC).
- ★★★ POET'S GOLD, POETRY READING BY DAVID ROSS (CBS).
- ★★★ ATLAS BREWING COMPANY PRESENTS SINGIN' SAM (CBS).
- ★★★ TALKIE PICTURE TIME WITH JUNE MEREDITH (NBC).
- ★★★ MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND WITH TAMARA, DAVID PERCY AND JACQUES RENARD'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★ HALL OF FAME WITH GUEST BANDS (NBC).
- ★★★ TASTYEAST THEATRE WITH TOM POWERS AND LEONA HOGARTH (NBC).
- ★★★ THE SINGING STRANGER WITH WADE BOOTH (NBC).
- ★★★ HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES WITH EDGAR A. GUEST, ALICE MUCK, CHARLES SEARS AND JOSEF KUESTNER'S BAND (NBC).
- ★★★ VIC AND SADE, COMEDY SKETCH (NBC).
- ★★★ DEATH VALLEY DAYS (NBC).
- ★★★ PHIL HARRIS AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH LEAH RAY (NBC).
- ★★★ THE ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH FLOYD GIBBONS (NBC).
- ★★★ "HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD" WITH TONY WONG (NBC).
- ★★★ SHELL FOOTBALL REPORTER, EDDIE DOOLEY (CBS).
- ★★★ TED HUSING, "BELIEVE YOU ME" (CBS).
- ★★★ BILLY BATCHELOR (NBC).
- ★★★ ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN WITH JIM BRIERLY, TENOR (CBS).
- ★★★ SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).
- ★★★ LOWELL THOMAS, COMMENTATOR (NBC).
- ★★★ MOHAWK TREASURE CHEST (NBC).
- ★★★ BOAKE CARTER, COMMENTATOR (CBS).
- ★★★ TIM RYAN'S RENDEZVOUS, MUSICAL AND COMEDY REVUE (NBC).
- ★★★ SMILING ED McCONNELL (CBS).
- ★★★ TODAY'S CHILDREN, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
- ★★★ TITO QUIZAR, SONGS (CBS).
- ★★★ BOND BREAD SHOW WITH FRANK CRUMM AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS).
- ★★★ NICK LUCAS, SONGS (CBS).
- ★★★ BETTY AND BOB, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
- ★★★ BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS WITH CARSON ROBISON AND HIS BUCKAROO (CBS).
- ★★★ CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR WITH RUBINOFF AND JIMMY DURAN (NBC).
- ★★★ CLARA, LU 'N' EM (NBC).
- ★★★ FRANCES LEE BARTON, COOKING (NBC).
- ★★★ THE FITCH PROGRAM WITH WENDEL HALL (NBC).
- ★★★ "FATS" WALLER, ORGAN-PIANO-SONG (CBS).
- ★★★ GENE AND GLENN (NBC).
- ★★★ MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK (NBC).
- ★★★ ONE NIGHT STANDS WITH PICK AN PAT (NBC).
- ★★★ THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).
- ★★★ GENE ARNOLD AND THE COMMODORE (NBC).
- ★★★ VISITING WITH IDA BAILEY ALLE (CBS).
- ★★★ "THE PET MILKY WAY" (CBS).
- ★★★ OXDOL'S OWN MA PERKINS, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).

Kilocycle Quiz

(Can you answer these questions in five minutes?)

1. What soprano recently made a special plane trip to Hollywood?
2. Who is the sponsor of Walter O'Keefe's CBS program?
3. Who is Johnnie Roventini?
4. What artist is known as "Prince of the Piano?"
5. How many children does Joe Penner have?
6. What is Roxy's real name?
7. Who conducts the orchestra on the Radio City Party over NBC?
8. What radio program uses original music?
9. What product sponsors Lanny Ross' new Wednesday program?
10. When a program goes on the air in New York at 8 p. m., what time do California listeners receive it?
11. Is Frank Munn a tenor or a baritone?
12. Who is Ford Bond?
13. In what century are the Buck Rogers programs supposed to be?
14. Who is the vocalist with Richard Himber's orchestra?
15. Who directs the orchestra on the CBS broadcasts to Admiral Byrd in Little America?
16. Fill in the missing word: "This is the ——— Broadcasting Company."
17. Who is Howard White?
18. Who are the artists sponsored by Gillette razor blades?
19. Is Gladys Swarthout married?
20. Who wrote the music which Eddie Duchin uses as a theme?

Here are the answers to the Kilocycle Quiz questions.

1. Muriel Wilson.
2. Camel Cigarettes.
3. The page boy on the Philip Morris program.
4. George Gershwin.
5. None.
6. S. L. Rothafel.
7. Frank Black.
8. The Gibson Family.
9. Log Cabin Syrup.
10. 5 p. m.
11. Tenor.
12. NBC announcer.
13. Twenty-fifth.
14. Joey Nash.
15. Mark Warnow.
16. National. (Columbia uses the word "System" instead of "Company.")
17. Accompanist and associate of the Lull Trio.
18. Gene and Glenn.
19. Yes.
20. Chopin.



Women Must Avoid Harsh Laxatives

THE feminine sex must be particularly careful in the choice of a laxative.

Women should avoid a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens. They should avoid laxatives that are offered as cure-alls—treatments for a thousand ills. A laxative is intended for one purpose only—to relieve constipation.

Ex-Lax is offered for just what it is—a gentle, effective laxative.

Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. It acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative ought to be.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At all drug stores—in 10c and 25c boxes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Get genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

IF YOU WANT

TO BE *Beautiful*

DON'T GROW OLD And if you don't believe it's possible to keep young, just take a glance at America's Sweetheart on the left. Mary Pickford thrilled your mothers and dads and she's still thrilling young moderns. She will never see twenty, thirty, or forty again—yet her face is without lines and her skin is as smooth and delicate as a rose petal.

Gifts of nature, says you. But actually it is simply good care combined with skillful and judicious use of make up. Every single one of you can have a healthy and youthful skin.

Considering the treatment it gets, it isn't any wonder that there are more problems with the skin and its care than all the other beauty problems put together. Just stop a moment and think how many times in the last month you have hopped into bed at night without going through the creaming and cleansing routine to remove the grime from your pores. Oh, you don't have to offer excuses. I know, you were so-o-o sleepy. And I'll wager there isn't one of you who isn't guilty of slapping on fresh makeup over the old when you are in a hurry. In fact how many times have you noticed (and done it yourself!), a girl take elaborate pains in putting powder, rouge and lipstick on a face that has already suffered several previous layers.

It's these things that give you enlarged pores which make your skin look ruddy and middle-aged, for the pores become clogged with oil, dust and the makeup you've ground into your skin. Next thing you know you've got blackheads, which result in other blemishes.

All of you realize without being told that cosmetic make a marvelous protection for the skin, besides covering up defects and enhancing good points. But by all means apply it on a clean, fresh skin. Give your make up and yourself a break.

A method of cleansing that I've found effective is to pat gobs of cream over the chest, neck and face. Then with very gentle fingertip tapping, begin with the chest and work up to the throat, under the chin and finally do your face.

While the cream is still on, place the chin in the palm of your left hand with the fingertips pointing toward the right ear. Now move your hand towards the left ear until the fingertips touch the ear. Be sure the middle finger and center of palm follow the bony structure of the jaw. Alternate exercise with right hand. Do this a dozen times each night and you will prevent any under-chin flabbiness. If it's already too late for the ounce of prevention, you will be delighted at the improvement that will result within a few weeks.

To erase eye and brow wrinkles try resting the chin in the palms of your hands with the middle finger of each hand pressed between the corners of the eyes and



Could you guess the age of our ever-youthful Mary Pickford? You can hear her over NBC, Wednesday at 8 p. m.

KEEP THAT FRESH GLOWING SKIN OF YOUTH

By Carolyn Belmont

nose. Lightly move the hands outward to the hairline with the cushions of the middle fingers following the line over the closed lids or brows. Press the fingertips firmly over temples. Relax hands and repeat exercise several times. Always use a rotary movement around the eyes.

Use tissues to remove the cream—dozens of them, they're inexpensive and efficient. Besides, in using tissues, the skin will not become irritated as it sometimes does when the cream is removed with a towel or cloth.

To get the best results in skin care, first determine the kind of skin you have. You can analyze it yourself. Some morning when you get up a few minutes early take a magnifying hand mirror (you can get one at the "Five and Ten" if you haven't one) to the window and examine your skin. Find out whether it's normal, dry or oily. Most of you will decide it's none of these, but rather dry in spots with a shiny path stretching from your forehead to chin. However, with proper care these defects won't last long.

If you are lucky enough to have a normal skin, you won't have much to worry about. You can cleanse it any way you please just as long as you are thorough about the job. Cream it a couple of times. Once to remove the top layers of grime, and again to cleanse deeply into the pores. Wash with warm water and soap after the creamings, splash on cold water, dry and finish up with a skin bracer.

You people with the oily skin, fat all your grumblings, are still the most fortunate, despite the hard time you have keeping your nose from shining like a beacon, and getting blackheads as a result of piling on layers of powder.

I do realize that you have a tremendous (Continued on page 82)

SMART GIRL?...YOU BET!
I FOUND HOW TO GET RID OF
"TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



1. "One day at the grocer's, I was fussing about how dingy my washes always looked. And he said, 'Your trouble is tattle-tale gray. Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—it gets out ALL the dirt.' Well..."



2. "Next washday, I did put Fels-Naptha to work and what a treat! Big creamy suds chock-full of lively golden soap and naptha. The dirt simply hurried away. And talk about gentle! I gave these lace panties a Fels-Naptha dousing and they washed up as pretty as new."



3. "And now look at this! Did you ever see a white shirt? Well, my clothes all shine like snow. Everything smells sweeter, too. You bet I'm smart! I wouldn't dream of doing another wash with anything but Fels-Naptha."

YES INDEED! If you want to keep "tattle-tale gray" out of your clothes—that dull, foggy look that says dirt is still hiding in them in spite of all your work—it's smart to change to Fels-Naptha Soap!

For that big busy bar brings you *two* cleaners instead of *one*! Richer golden soap working hand-in-hand with *lots* of naptha. A combination that hustles out every tiny bit of dirt and gives your clothes a *brighter, sweeter whiteness!*

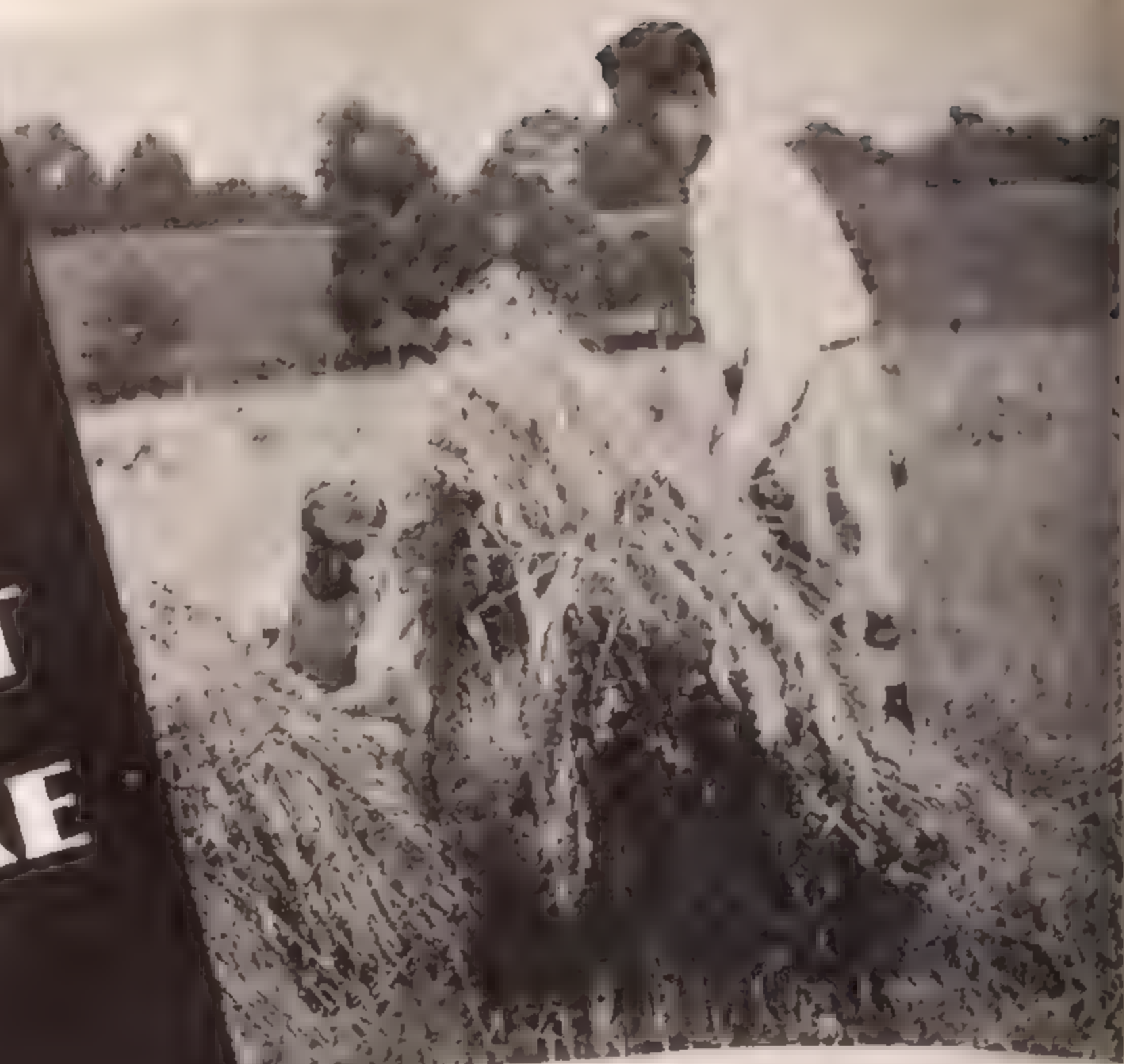
Unlike "trick soaps" or "cheap" soaps, Fels-Naptha is gentle. It washes everything beautifully—silk stockings, lingerie, woollens. Fels Naptha holds soothing glycerine, too. So it's specially nice to hands.

Fels-Naptha is a wonder for soaking or boiling clothes. It works splendidly in tub, basin or washing machine.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost 20 years. Get some at your grocer's today... Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.



Banish
"Tattle-Tale Gray"
with
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP



(Above) Thomas and his young son, Lowell Jackson, making their farm pay. (Right) A favorite pet is this great Pyrenees snow dog. (Extreme right) one of a dozen horses that Lowell Thomas owns.

LOWELL THOMAS showed me the eighth wonder of the world. We spent a day together looking it over. You've seen it in your own life— and if you haven't, this story will tell you where to find it.

Neither you nor I have cracked the oyster of adventure as successfully as this clear-eyed, stocky gentleman who finds "books in the running brooks, sermons in stone and good copy in everything."

Perhaps our lives are too dull and work-a-day to make possible so profound a discovery as his. Perhaps the eighth wonder of the world, close at hand, is really no wonder at all to us— simply because we haven't seen the seven wonders and so through lack of contrast have failed to get a kick out of life where it'll do us the most good.

Listen. This fellow who every evening brings the news to you, stirring interpreted, may be only a clear, resonant voice offering you an hors d'oeuvre or a liqueur for your mundane supper, but when you know the real man behind that voice, you'll understand more clearly the authority of the vibrant diction which brings to life what have been mere names in newspapers until Lowell Thomas got his hooks into them.

Thomas has seen the wonders of the world. At forty-two he has a life history that makes dullards of us all. He started as chief of the civilian mission sent to Europe by President Wilson to prepare an historical

record of the World War. In that job he was to visit every front and report to the people of America. He did. He was attached in turn to the Belgian, French, Italian, Serbian, British and the American armies. With the Italians he explored the Alps, the Asiago Plateau the reaches of the Piave River. The Near East drew him next and the British government sent a ship to carry him to Cairo so that he could join General Allenby, in charge of the Allied forces there. One of his favorite gags is that in forty minutes he flew the distance which it took the Children of Israel forty years to traverse.

To be historian of the Palestine Campaign was not enough. He heard of the mysterious English officer who had succeeded in uniting the Arabian tribes against the Turks and thereby putting a \$250,000 price on his head. General Allenby arranged for Thomas to join this mysterious gentleman—the famous T. E. Lawrence. And so Lowell Thomas became historian of the Arabian revolution which sent him on dangerous campaigns through the desert, led him into weird adventures in the rock city of Petra and put him in close contact with Lawrence himself, that Quixot leader of an alien race.

After the war, instead of returning to America, he went from France to Germany to study that crisis-ridden country in the midst of a bloody revolution.

**By Francis
Barr Mathews**

EVERY ONE OF YOU HAS WHAT LOWELL THOMAS WENT AL



his findings were reported to the Peace Conference. Then followed a more civilized adventure in the theatre—a successful run at the Century Theatre in New York of his film, a pictorial description of his Palestine and Arabian experiences with Allenby and Lawrence, presented to the accompaniment of a magnificent symphony orchestra. So impressive was the film that an ambitious impresario persuaded him to bring his show to London where it had a run of many months.

Two years later the American government asked him to lead the first flight around the world. He could not make the whole trip, but joined them as soon as possible and became historian of the project. Incidentally, he developed a mad passion for flying which resulted in him and his wife taking a 25,000 mile airplane flight in 1926-1927. They covered twenty-one countries in Europe, Asia, and North Africa—the longest passenger air journey up to that time. The avowed purpose was to study international development in aviation, but the real significance of the trip to Thomas was that he secured the finest collection of airplane photographs in this country and wrote another book, "European Skyways."

THE love for adventure was implanted in Thomas by the man who influenced him more than any other. That man was his father, Harry George Thomas, a surgeon who brought his family to Colorado from Darke County, Ohio, where young Lowell was born in 1902.

At eleven Lowell was working (Continued on page 94)

OVER THE WORLD TO FIND



Jessica Dragonette



Bertha Brainard



Ora D. Nichols



Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt

THE NINE GREATEST *Women* IN RADIO

THIS IS a dangerous story. It is not an easy one to write. When nine women are chosen by a group, no matter how thoughtfully they may have been selected, there is bound to be dissension. So, if you should disagree with this list, remember, it was not compiled by one person.

First I went to an important broadcasting executive. He stared at me. A smile played about the corners of his usually grave lips. "The nine biggest women in radio," he said. "Why . . . Kate Smith! Seriously, and no pun intended, that's a large order." His pencil drummed on the desk. "A large order," he repeated, "So please don't quote me."

And he sent me to another executive. It began in just that way. I went from one radio chain to another—and back again. Finally, after talking to executives, press agents and the Editor of RADIO STARS, the following list was created.

When a Columbia official raves about NBC players, and NBC picks Columbia's stars, that's news! It was Columbia who said NBC's Bertha Brainard and Jessica Dragonette should positively be on the list. It was NBC who voted for Columbia's Gracie Allen and Kate Smith. Thus those four head the list. Let's analyze them, and find out why.

Kate Smith is unique. There has never been anyone like her on radio. She is a definite part of it . . . a lady singer whose hearty warbling sold cigars! Her voice became a comfort to shut-ins. She is the hope of the American wallflower. In her own slow, good-natured, elephantine way she is amazing, this Kate Smith, who never took a singing lesson, but held an audience spell bound as she sang an aria from "Samson and Delilah," while Philadelphia's great Stokowski conducted the orchestra. This same Kate Smith whose bulk grew to

be the butt of so many jokes that it built her a profitable publicity mountain of laughs. Her weight is to radio circles what the Ford car was to the auto industry. She may wince at the laughter, but it is kindly and has helped her to become a national figure.

You cannot fake over the air. Radio audiences sense sincerity. They love Kate Smith, love her for her simple cheer. If there is any secret to her success, then that is it. Men, women, children, they all love her. She is the Edgar Guest of song.

HOPPING over to Radio City, we take a look at Jessica Dragonette, Jessica—blond, lovely, fragile Jessica whose first public appearance was in Max Reinhardt's "Miracle," where, at every performance, she was obliged to hide behind painted clouds and sing the angel's song Jessica, who of her own accord, gave up a profitable Broadway musical comedy career in order to gamble in what was then the new and shaky field of radio. She was one of the first to bring the musical comedy to the microphone. When she broadcasts Miss Dragonette behaves as if she were standing before the footlights. She puts on a stage makeup, wears an evening gown and uses gestures while she sings. Jessica joins radio's great because she brought it that indefinable quality called glamor.

There you have Jessica and Kate, contrasts, but equally important.

Now, Columbia again . . . and . . . Gracie Allen. She may be light, she may be flimsy, but she too has her definite place. Gracie Allen is without a doubt the foremost of all radio comediennes. She set the style for Portland Hoffa, for Mary Livingston. Here again radio proved its microscopic tendencies. For years Burns and Allen had been in vaudeville and for years Gracie rattled



Kate Smith



Gertrude Berg



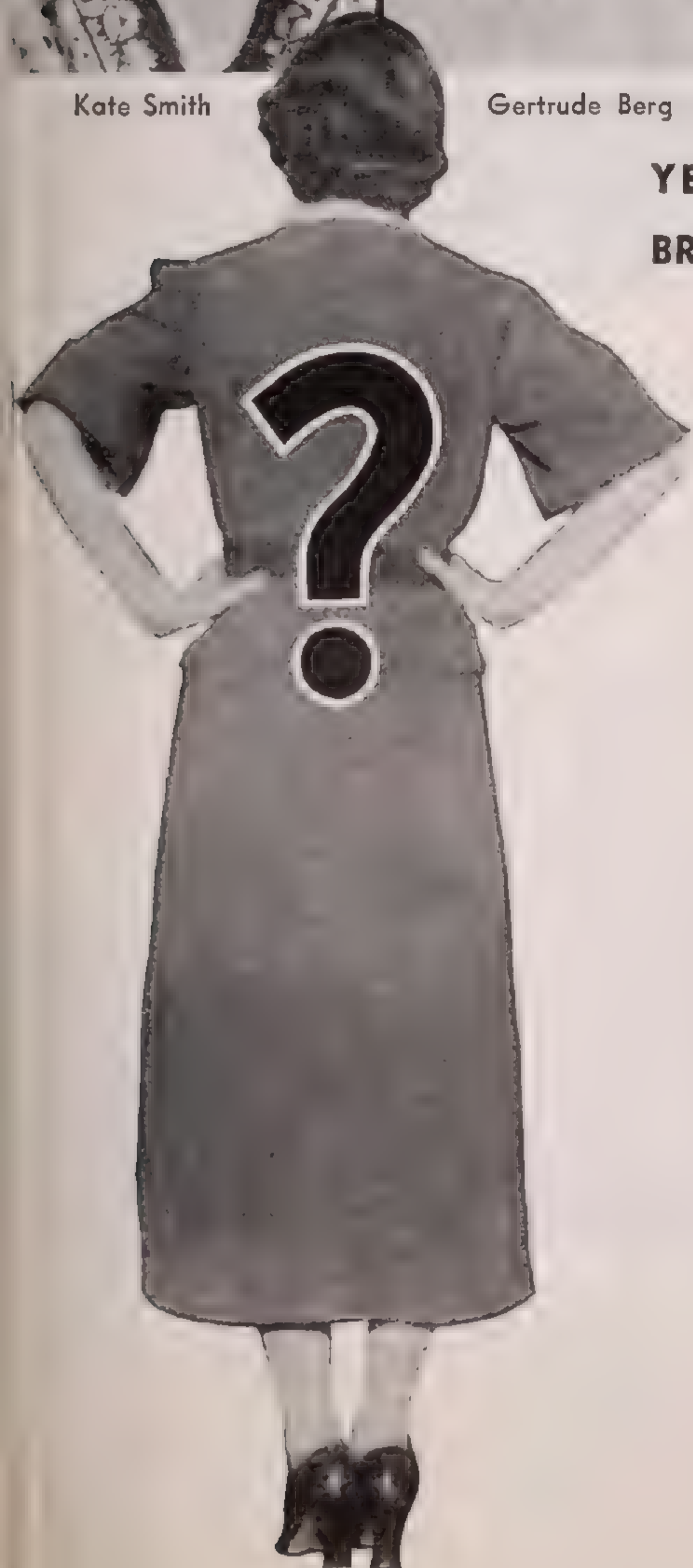
Irene Wicker



Gracie Allen

**YET MOST IMPORTANT IN THE ENTIRE
BROADCASTING SET-UP IS SHE WHOSE
FACE YOU DO NOT SEE HERE**

By Nanette Kulner



off the same sort of nonsense she gives you over the air. Yes, vaudeville audiences laughed at her. They laughed politely. But they never laughed the way the radio public did after they once heard that funny little voice of hers. Radio does things wholeheartedly and never, never by halves. It picked up that voice, tossed it into the air, chuckled over it, adored it, and made Gracie Allen the queen of goofiness. If there is a why to it all, here it is. The average person likes to think he is smart. Gracie Allen never fails to give him this opportunity. She enters to the superiority complex in every audience. They love to catch her mistakes . . . to anticipate them . . . to out-smart her. She is the sop for their conceit and Gracie Allen, with one of the keenest minds in radio, knows this. Contrary to the nutty character she portrays, she is nobody's fool and well deserves her place among the first line.

Next we have NBC's Bertha Brainard. She's been in radio since the beginning, since the days when she wrote and broadcast play reviews for a local station. Through its various stages she has watched this fantastic industry grow and personally helped to nurture it. As her offices changed, so the industry developed. She has seen and actively participated in every phase. There were the exciting old days on WJZ when she had to announce, arrange programs, substitute for the star who failed to show up, persuade a star to show up, write last minute bits and find talent. Now, surrounded by secretaries, she sits in her Radio City office, creates new ideas, casually telephones the coast, suggests talent, discovers protégés, and, in short, is program director for the National Broadcasting Company.

THIS Brainard lady is a surprise. She does not resemble a woman executive. She is slim, and blue-eyed, and red haired, in fact looks (Continued on page 97)

The GIBSON FAMILY

MARTY, AS CLUB MAID, gives a good performance when she tells Jane to use Ivory Flakes for her stockings just as fine stores advise.

Good stores *do* tell you to use Ivory Flakes for your stockings. And here's why: The sheer silk of stockings is very sensitive. It needs a *pure* soap. Ivory Flakes are so pure that both the makers and sellers of fine stockings recommend them. These people know silk. They like the way Ivory Flakes are shaved up into tiny, curly wisps, too. Ivory Flakes won't flatten down on your stockings to cause soap spots and *runs*!

And here's a thought for you thrifty girls—Ivory Flakes cost less than other "silk stocking" soaps. There are lots more ounces in the box! Just hold on to that thought and the next time you're at your grocer's merely say, "A box of Ivory Flakes, please."

IVORY FLAKES • 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE



IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

"'Scuse me, Miss Jane, but yo' sho' is luxurious on stockings. That soap yo' use must be pow'ful strong. Why doan yo' use nice gentle Ivory Flakes the way stores tell yo' to?"



"'LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train goin' soon."

"Where's the station drug store? Where's my head?" demands Nurse Tippit. "W'by did I forget to pack Jerry's cake of Ivory?"

"Lots o' time," says Sam, turning smooth as a chocolate custard, now that he knows the reason. Then he chuckles to Jerry, "So she's goin' to keep yo' 99 44/100% pure."

"PURE IVORY SOAP FOR BABIES" SAY DOCTORS



"REMEMBER THIS HAT, HENRY?" asks Mrs. Gibson softly.

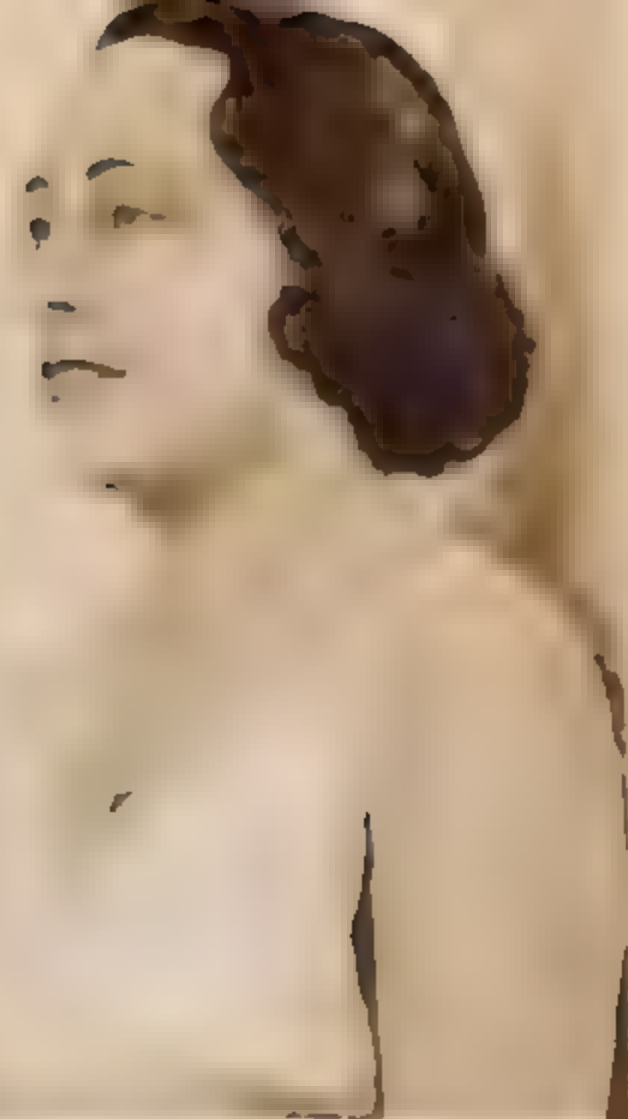
"Sure!" says Mr. Gibson. "It chaperoned us on our honeymoon, Sara. And we knew we were made for each other because we'd both brought Ivory Soap!"

"It's still the finest complexion soap," declares Mrs. Gibson.

"Absolutely!" agrees Mr. Gibson. "Your complexion is as clear and fine as the day I first kissed it, 17 years ago!"

SENSITIVE SKINS ARE SAFE WITH IVORY SOAP

RADIO STARS received so many special requests for pictures that it is impossible to grant them all at one time. Here you will find some. Others will be scattered throughout the magazine. (Right) Don Redman, the hot dance maestro. (Extreme right) Virginia Rea, soprano.



(Right) Frank Luther is a member of the Happy Wonder Bakers, the Men About Town, and is soloist on Heart Throbs of the Hills. (Extreme right) Rosaline Green, actress, who speaks the Mary Lou lines on Show Boat and acts in many other shows on the kilocycles.



(Right) Meyer Davis, the millionaire maestro, enjoys a game of backgammon in his garden. (Extreme right) Hal Kemp, the CBS orchestra leader with his featured singer, Deane Janis. His music formerly came from Chicago. Now he's at the Pennsylvania, New York.



(Right) Jimmie McHugh and Dorothy Fields, composers of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," are NBC artists. (Extreme right) Vic (Art Van Harvey) and Sade (Bernardine Flynn) and their boy Rush (Billy Idelson) are heard over NBC in sketches of American family life.



• • • STRICTLY

● During the summer James Wallington, NBC announcer, was secretly divorced in Reno from Stanislaw Butkiewicz, dancer, to whom he had been married for many years. Soon thereafter, Jimmie married Anita Furman, dancer at Radio City Music Hall, which is just across the street from the NBC studios.

● Rumor has it that Johnny Marvin is divorced.

● Conrad Thibault is being seen around New York with members of the fairer sex.

● Madge Kennedy, the Broadway and Hollywood actress, and William B. Hanley, NBC dramatic production director, were recently wedded. She's on the new Red Davis show, which her husband directs.

● Page Horatio Alger! A page boy at NBC has become the night manager. Four years ago Edward Cunningham was one of the uniformed youngsters at Chicago studios. Now he has succeeded Charles Phelps as night chief.

● Mr. and Mrs. Fred Waring became parents of a baby girl in September. They've named her Dixie.

● Doug Hope of "Princess Pat Players" on NBC is celebrating the arrival of Douglas Junior, six pounds and ten ounces.

● Phil Baker's second baby will probably see the light for the first time around New Year's day in Miami. On her return from Europe Mrs. Baker (Peggy Cartwright)

BROADCASTLAND IS STORK MAD! CUPID IS SHOOTING DARTS! AND RENO

By Wilson Brown



Mary Small acts as mistress of ceremonies on her own NBC program called "Little Miss Bab-O's Surprise Party."



(Top) Al and Lee Reiser, kin but not brothers, make NBC pianos talk. (Bottom) Frances Lee Barton, food expert, poses with her children.

CONFIDENTIAL

will go to Miami with her daughter, Margot Eleanor. And her Chicago physician, Dr. J. Berinstein, will leave for Florida in December to attend her.

● Martha Mears took your editor for a ride over the matter of her age. Said she was really nineteen, but liked to be considered as twenty-one. Truth of the matter is, she was twenty-four on July 18. And her name isn't Mears at all. It's Peters. And she's no longer eligible as she's already Mrs. Sid Brokaw, wife of one of Ozzie Nelson's fiddle players. The ceremony was in September.

● Although announced before, requests make further explanation necessary. Annette Hanshaw is off Show Boat of her own accord. She's said to be getting \$750 weekly from her show on CBS Tuesday and Thursdays

Eighteen-year-old Lois Nixon sings with Jack Russell's orchestra over CBS from Chicago. She's an Alabama girl.

JUDGES ARE WORKING OVERTIME!



(Top) Betty Jane, left, and Virginia Holman, sister piano team on NBC. (Bottom) Walter B. Pitkin, noted author, is heard on CBS.



for Camel Cigarettes, which is more than she got on *Show Boat*.

● Paul Whiteman, Al Jolson and his wife, Ruby Keeler, are contemplating making a tour of theatres starting about Christmas time. "Just to help the government raise some taxes," Al explains.

● It pays to be a brother of a big-shot. When Bob Crosby, twenty-one year old brother of Bing, debuted at New York's Riviera with the Dorsey Brothers Orchestra, NBC gave him an hour program with salutes from Brother Bing, the Boswells, George Stoll's orchestra from California, the Mills Brothers, Anson Weeks' band and Buddy Rogers.

● Pat Barnes is a man of loyalty and of sentiment. The pilot of *Lombardo Land* recently flew from New York to Wisconsin to sing at the funeral of a woman who was his first fan when he went on the air a decade ago from Chicago.

● Norman Siegel, radio editor of the *Cleveland Press* and member of RADIO STARS' Board of Review is no longer a bachelor.

● "The Press-Radio Bureau is a failure," said Senator Dill of Washington, co-author of federal radio legislation, before the National Association of Broadcasters meeting in Cincinnati recently. "Either," he said, "the Press Associations must change the terms of the agreement so radio stations can give their listeners up-to-the-minute news, or radio stations will find or create means and methods of securing news entirely independent of the press associations."

● Charles Winninger, the Captain Henry of *Show Boat*, has announced his intentions of leaving radio. *Show Boat*, however, owns the name "Captain Henry" and the new man will have the same name. Winninger plans to go into Libby Holman's Broadway play "Revenge with Music" to cash in on the popularity radio gave him.

● Police were called in at a Memphis dance hall in September when a fight between Cab Calloway and his bandmen and the guests resulted in a free-for-all. Trouble is said to have started when Cab refused to comply with all requests for autographs. Woe is fame!

● Guest star programs are the rage. Now comes the Hoover Sentinels Serenade over NBC Sundays to present Rudolph Ganz, pianist, November 4; Irene Castle McLaughlin, socialite dancer, November 18; Violinist Albert Spalding, December 2; and on December 23, Mme. Schumann-Heink.

● Conoco sales have increased 410 per cent since the program with Harry Richman, John B. Kennedy and Jack Denny's orchestra started on NBC.

● Walter Preston, NBC baritone, recently celebrated his tenth anniversary in radio with his 2,500th performance.

● A new committee of radio artists has been formed to declare war on fraudulent radio schools. If any of you readers have been victims of fake schools, register your complaint with either Mark Warnow, Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City, or the Voice of Experience at the same address. Mark is chairman of the committee.

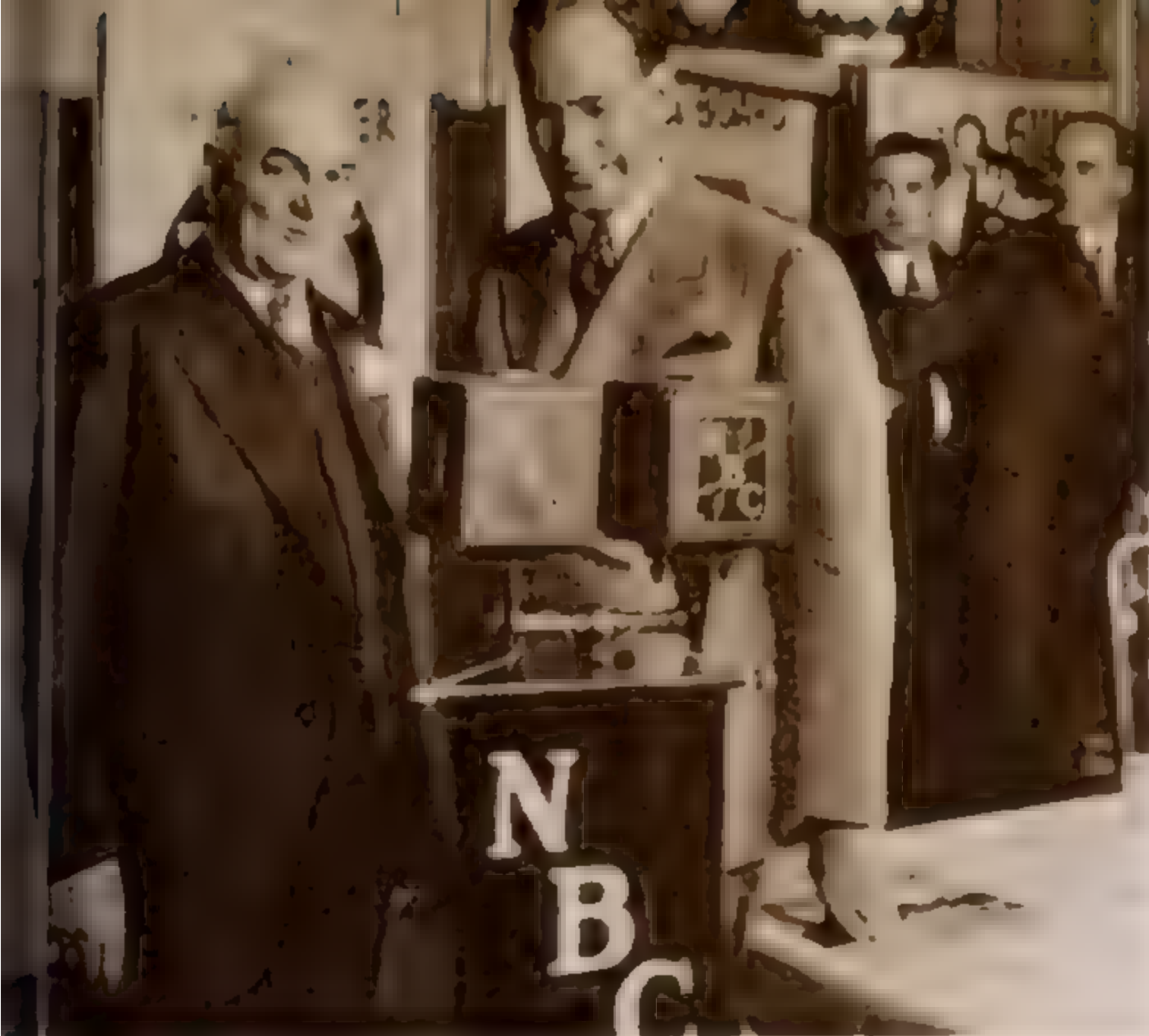


(Above) The Tune Twisters of NBC, noted for harmony, vocal and instrumental. (Below) Carol Lee, heard on the *Hollywood on the Air* program.



Jane Ace reminds herself that November 17 is the fifth wedding anniversary of her marriage to Goodman Ace.





(Above) Sam Hayes, NBC's Richfield Reporter, poses with Mayor Angelo J. Rossi of San Francisco. (Below) Cliff Edwards, alias "Ukulele Ike," of CBS.



Formerly a range rider of Kansas, Carson Robison now leads his Buckaroos in the Bar X Days and Nights program over CBS.



● Sometimes rumors are right, sometimes they're wrong. Anyway, the current story is that Charles Carlisle, CBS tenor, is secretly married. If true, the ceremonies were the week of July 9.

● Marion Bergeron (Miss America) and Jack Landt of the Landt Trio and White are billing and cooing and may tell it to a preacher.

● Maxine Marlow, singer with Phil Spitalny's band, may play opposite Lanny Ross in his next flicker tentatively called "Mississippi." Molasses 'n' Jammy of radio's Show Boat will be featured. Lanny's latest picture is Paramount's "College Rhythm" with Joe Penner.

● This year's prize dahlia has been named "Jessica Dragonette" in honor of the Cities Service soprano.

● Georgie Price, actor-comedian, purchased a seat on the New York Stock Exchange and is dividing his time between broadcasting and high finance.

● J. B. Correll (Andy's father) made his first visit to New York to meet Amos' famous partner on his return from Europe. The elder Correll drove the family car all the way from Peoria.

● When Arthur E. Bagley, early NBC exercise man, vacationed in Quebec recently, his place before the mike was taken by Dick Weed, NBC engineer on the Bagley program. Which marks Dick as an all-around man when he can substitute for his boss.

● CBS now has 100 stations, making it radio's biggest network. The 100th to join was KWKH, Shreveport, Louisiana.

● Mme. Schumann-Heink, despite her seventy-three years, will make at least three New York stage appearances this fall in addition to her Sunday night broadcasting.

● Four members of the cast of "Forty Five Minutes in Hollywood" went stork mad. Peggy Allenby has a baby girl; Carlyle Stevens, announcer, is papa to a new boy; Cornelius Van Voorhus has a daughter; and Don Stauffer, director, also is proud of his new baby girl.

● Travis Hale, thirty, tenor of the Three Cheers, Al Pearce trio, is engaged to marry Renee Winkler, twenty-one, Pearce's secretary.

● The stork visited Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Conrad (he's the CBS announcer) in September and left a daughter.

● John Mitchell of Carson Robison's Buckaroos and Louise Sparrow of Columbia, Tennessee, will soon be husband and wife.

● Chicagoans are having no difficulty this fall in locating Father Charles Coughlin, the crusading priest, on their dials. In addition to KYW, which has carried him for several seasons, WJJD and WIND, CBS affiliates, are outletting the Detroit'er's addresses.

● Who says people aren't listening to the radio these days? There are 42,540,000 radio receiving sets operating throughout the world, according to the Department of Commerce. Of that number, 18,500,000 are in the United States, making this country the leader in the field. The United Kingdom ranks second with 6,124,000. Other countries in their rank of set ownership are Germany, 5,424,000; Japan, 1,739,000; France, 1,554,000; Canada, 1,100,000; and Spain 700,000. (Continued on page 79)

YOU hear a lot about what radio means to men and women in small, out-of-the-way places, to farmers' wives in desolate country hamlets, and shut-ins, and lonely old people. Yes, it's all true. It brings glamor and romance and vicarious thrills to all of them, at the turn of a dial.

It's the Aladdin's Lamp—the Magic Carpet—that transports you to a glittering, wonderful world a million miles away from the humdrum of daily living—until the program ends! Don't we all know it?

But it meant a lot more than that to me, Myra Gorman. (That's what I'll call myself, since I can't use my own name.) It meant a burning ambition, a hunger that never let up, to shake the dust of my little Missouri home town from my feet and make that distant, glamorous world mine.

I didn't want just "out," either.

I hadn't any dreams about Hollywood, or the stage, or any ordinary career in a big city. I wanted just one

thing from the time I was sixteen and discovered I had a throbbing contralto voice—that people wanted to listen to. I wanted to stand behind the mike in one of the biggest broadcasting studios in the country and sing to a million people who'd been waiting all day to tune in on Myra Gorman!

A simple little ambition, wasn't it, for a corn-fed country girl who hadn't anything to offer but average good looks and a voice with a sob in it. But I made it come true. I sacrificed everything and everybody—and, God knows my own peace and happiness, too—to get what I wanted.

But this time just a year ago a Myra Gorman, who wasn't a corn-fed country girl any more, was standing behind the mike in a white satin dress that cost more than Dad ever cleared on corn and hogs in a year, sending her voice over one of the biggest networks in the country!

Well, I've still got the dress . . .

I've wondered, since, just how far my ambition and my blues-singer voice would have taken me if I hadn't taken that job in Seeley's Music Store the summer I finished High. Chance plays a big part in every career. I'm not the only girl who's gone on the air to have found that out! For if I hadn't been singing "It Was a Night in June" behind the sheet music counter that sultry August afternoon, and Cass

De Voe, killing time while they were tinkering with his roadster at the garage, hadn't heard me and stepped inside the store—this story might have a very different ending. Or maybe there wouldn't be any story!

I was more than half in love with Dan Kelland, you see, whose father ran the funny, old-fashioned drug store at the corner of Main and Maple. And Dan, home from the State U., was begging me to give up my dreams of breaking into radio and marry him.

He was a darling, and more than once when there was a moon shining through the willows that fringed the river, and he talked about the home he was going to build for us up on the Bluffs I almost said: "All right, Dan!" But I guess it took a moon and a soft Missouri night to weaken me at all! Dan wasn't very exciting. He was just the boy I'd always gone

with and he was and always would be a farmer. You could tell that just by looking at him. Even when he was dressed up he was a country boy in store clothes.

TORCH SINGER

Illustrated by
JACK FLOHERTY, JR.

AND I—I wanted more out of life than he could ever give me. So I was still holding out, stubbornly, blindly bent on leaving Gilesburg, and going to Beacon City, where I could get an audition, when Cass De Voe strolled into the music shop, and draped himself over the counter.

I was strumming out my own accompaniment and I didn't actually see him until I whirled about on the stool.

But I knew the way you do know such things, that I wasn't singing any more for the high school kids who were leaning over the sheet music across the aisle. And I put everything I had into that last refrain.

"Pretty good, kid," the thin, dark, young fellow I was so aware of said softly. "Too good for this two-bit joint, if nobody's told you so before . . ." His dark eyes strayed contemptuously over the music shop, came back to rest on me. "Listen, Sugar," he said with a chuckle. "You're a swell looking girl but I couldn't see you from the side-walk. I could just hear you. And that's my business, spotting voices like yours."

I could just stare at him. My eyes felt like blue saucers.

"It's hard to tell—the mike does tricks to voices as good as yours sometimes—but I'm betting that I can put you on the air. How does it listen, Blondie?"

"Too good to be true!" I told him shakily. Did things like this actually happen, or was it just a gag? "But how—? I don't understand."

(This Is the True Story of What Actually Happened to a Small Town Girl Who Lived and Suffered . . . Who Sacrificed Herself . . . Because She Wanted to Become a Radio Star. Names and Places Have Been Changed for Obvious Reasons. RADIO STARS Presents It As a Great Human Document)



FLOHER
JR

"I'm scouting for talent for the Continental Broadcasting System," he said, impatient at my blank bewilderment. "Come to Beacon City and I'll cut a lot of red tape for you." You may need some coaching in order to microphone right, but I've a drag with one of the best coaching studios there. How are you fixed for dough?"

I told him I could manage for a while, anyway, and that maybe I'd come to the city and look him up before he expected me. But I'd have to coax Dad and my Aunt Sally, who had brought me up, into letting me go and that might take a little time. I felt myself blushing furiously, thinking of Dan, and Cass De Voe grinned at me knowingly.

"There's a boy-friend in the picture too, I take it?" he said. "Who isn't going to cotton to the idea?" He looked deep in my eyes, and I felt weak all over, it was that kind of a look. "If I were in his shoes I'd feel the same way about it."

That night I told Dan about Cass and how he was going to give me a chance. But Dan was skeptical. "Listen, Myra," he told me. "Don't kid yourself. De Voe may be on the level—but he's just a city slicker to this country boy! Maybe he is scouting for talent for this broadcasting company, maybe he's the original hot shot in radio, maybe he can put you over. But there are plenty of gyp agents making a good thing out of dumb, radio-struck girls like you."

Dan's nice, homely grin didn't take the sting out of the words. I snatched my hand from his clasp.

"Do you think I'm not going to make good—or are you afraid that I am?" I flared up at him. "You don't want me to have my chance, Dan! You'd rather I buried myself alive in this little hick town and turned into a farmer's wife!" My voice trembled with my passionate resentment. "Well—I'm not going to do it! We're washed up after tonight, you and I—and six months from now, when I'm singing over the net-work!"

HIS blue eyes were wistful, suddenly. "You've never really been in love with me, Myra. A man can always tell. But I thought, caring as much as I did, that it would work out . . ."

"Don't, Dan," I said with a lump in my throat. "I hate to hurt you. But I've got to go. I've got to . . ."

Ten days later, one rainy September morning, I got off the train in the smoky Union Station in Beacon City. I was pretty scared. My hundred and fifty dollars didn't seem so much even though I found myself a cheap room in a shabby part of town and began to budget my meals and expenses right away. But I felt that once I'd seen Cass De Voe again everything would be all right.

Dan Kelland had sensed the truth; I may as well admit it. My dreams of a career, a future on the air, were nebulous as mist. I was thinking about Cass De Voe—remembering his sleepy, dark eyes, his caressing voice, his smile that said so much. Counting the hours until I saw him again. That same afternoon, I found my way to the address he'd given me. It was something of a shock to find it a shabby, run-down building with a dingy front and a creaky elevator. Love-sick kid that I was, I wasn't altogether a fool. And this set-up didn't look right. But there was his door and here was I. On the threshold of

Success, I told myself defiantly, thinking of Dan at home.

The dingy office I entered didn't brighten my spirit any. Nor did the languid, drug-store blonde at the switchboard. But then, before I could give her my name and business, a door marked "Private" opened and Cass stood there in his shirt-sleeves.

"Oh," I said idiotically. "I'm so glad you're in. Shock. I have phoned!"

He stared at me, rumpling his dark hair with an abstracted hand. Of course, in a dark blue frock and a wide-brimmed hat I must have looked very different from the girl in Seeley's music store. But—he didn't know me!

"Don't you remember me?" I said weakly. "I'm Myra Gorman. You heard me singing in a music store in Galesburg . . . you said you'd get me an audition . . ."

His smile made my heart beat again. Oh, everything was all right, after all! Happiness flooded me as he slipped a casual arm about my shoulders, drew me towards the inner office. "Remember you?" I asked gaily. "Would I be forgetting the best looking blonde that ever crossed my path? Well, well—the little country girl come to the big town."



HE was putting me into a shabby leather chair, taking my jacket and purse, telling me how swell it was to see me again. And swear to you, I didn't think any more about

how much I had at stake until a big, burly man with a burned-out cigar in his mouth barged in on us as Cass introduced him as his partner, Mr. Burke.

"This is the girl I told you about, Burke," Cass said significantly. "I think she's a find. I'd like you to hear her sing. If she's as good as I think she is . . ."

Burke said something about Cass never picking the wrong, and presently I found myself at the battered piano in one corner of the room. There was a mike to the left of it. I thought it was an odd sort of set-up for an audition, but Cass explained that it was simply a test, see how I microphoned. Then if my voice didn't do anything, and my presentation was all right, he'd get me an audition at the XYZ studios. Sam Burke retired the next office. And while Cass made the tinny, old piano do tricks, I sang.

It was so obviously a racket! Knowing what I know now, I can't see how I fell for it, green as I was. (For the impressive patter the two men exchanged, afterwards. But I did, hook, line and sinker.)

Well, before I left Cass De Voe's office, it was settled. And though even the "reduced fee" for the "course" I agreed to take startled me, I was pitifully grateful. I was pitifully happy, too. For Cass was taking me to dinner the next night. I wasn't just a small-town girl he'd run across and forgotten. I was—important to him.

When I think of my innocence, my blindness, it hurts even now. I must have guessed, as time went on, that there was something fishy about the whole thing. But I didn't want to believe it. Not after Cass kissed me the first time and told me he loved me.

When I was with him—and that was plenty—I was still under his spell. I shut my ears and my eyes to everything that went on in that shabby office of his. Why, he even admitted, with that warm, sweet laugh

is, that lots of the poor saps who came there and paid their good money for an "audition," were suckers. But someone was going to get their money. Why not Cass De Voe?

"And after all, sweet," he said beguilingly, drawing me deeper into his arms—we were parked outside my rooming house in his car after he'd brought me home from dinner and a show—"someone's going to take them for the ride they want. And—there's always a chance that one of 'em will turn to be hot stuff."

HELD him off, trying to read what lay in his handsome, wary eyes. "I know. But Cass—you haven't been kidding me along, have you? I've spent almost all my money. I've believed everything you said. If I had a go home now . . ." His kisses closed my brimming eyes. His love-making frightened me, sometimes when it didn't end me up among the stars.

When I went upstairs to my room that night I knew I couldn't give him up no matter what happened. But he knowing didn't keep me from weeping my heart out. My light was still on when the girl who had the room next to mine knocked.

We'd eaten together a few times and Cora Driscoll had met Cass. She knew that I was trying to get into radio and she didn't think much of my tie-up with him. But you can't talk sense to a girl in love! She didn't try after the first attempt.

I was so lonely, so heart-sick, that I was glad enough to see her. She was a hostess at the Red Dragon, a fairly unsavory roadhouse on the outskirts of town and I'd been fascinated by her blatant red-haired good-looks, her devil-may-care swagger through life—until she'd talked against Cass, then her attraction faded.

"So the old sock's about empty, huh?" she asked, through a cloud of blue smoke.

"And you still don't want to eat crow at a home dinner? Well, I can get you a job, if you like. Nick is looking for a girl who can sing and give the boys a flutter. Want to come down in the morning?"

I knew the Red Dragon. I knew what it would be like, singing there. But I wanted a job. I couldn't go home—couldn't leave Beacon City while Cass was there. For if I went out of his life now . . . oh, he did care, but I cared more than he! So I snatched at the proposal, and the next morning, when Greek Nick, who ran the place, offered me a salary that was a joke, I took it like a shot.

And it was there, in that cheaply gaudy, often-raided dump, that I got my chance! Maybe it was a lucky accident; maybe word had gotten round that the new torch singer at the Red Dragon was worth hearing. (Afterwards, Cass swore that he was responsible for Martin Blake's dropping in that night; I never found out. I was afraid to, I suppose.)

But I hadn't been singing there a fortnight when, after my last song, a waiter brought a card to the dressing room. I looked at the card, and the lip-stick fell from my fingers. It said: Martin Blake, Acme Advertising Agency, Production Manager Radio Dept.

I clutched at the ledge of my rickety dressing-table

The Acme Agency was one of the biggest and best in the Southwest. And in the man my production manager of the radio department anything might happen.

When I saw him, quiet, grey-haired, aloof from the smoke and din, I knew there wasn't any hookum to him. He was polite, business-like and he came straight to the point. Had I ever thought of going into radio? A local chain of drug stores, whose account Acme was handling, was going on the air. There was a spot in their program for a singer whose audition pleased the sponsor.

I LISTENED in a trance. Heard myself promising to come to the broadcasting studio the next day, at two-thirty, for an audition.

Cass dropped in as usual after my last turn to drive me home. For the first time, I made no demur about going to his apartment. This wasn't the impetuous, demanding Cass I'd held out against, even when I craved his kisses most. And half an hour later I was curled up on the sofa before his hearth, warming my hands at the blaze, while he mixed drinks. Oh, it was lovely, after the rainy night, to be there in his shabby rooms! It was—like coming home.

"Are they going to like me at the broadcasting studio tomorrow?" I asked. "Oh, Cass, am I really going to make good? I feel—too happy."

He pulled me down into his arms. I gave him kiss for kiss, until he put me away from him, suddenly. "Listen, sweet." His words were strangely unsteady. "You've got that something. More than just a slick voice. You've got that something. I'm no plaster saint, but when you sing I'm sorry for every lousy thing I've ever done . . ." He laughed, as if he were ashamed of the admission, and I took his face between my hands. He

meant it. And he meant the kiss that fused us, body and soul, the next minute. At least, I want to think he did.

Then, afraid of the overwhelming tide that was sweeping us both past sanity and restraint, I brought us back to earth. Before I went for my audition the next day, and talked terms, oughtn't he to really be my manager? I fired the question at him, trying to get hold of myself. He had an agreement, I knew, all drawn up, ready for me to sign. Oh, I brought it on myself, I know. He finished his drink slowly before answering.

"Okay, Baby. If that's what you want . . . I guess this covers everything."

I scarcely read the terse document. Maybe if I had—of the actual meaning of the clause giving him the fantastic fifty per cent commission on my earnings had sunk in, I might have held back. Perhaps not. But all I wanted was to sign the thing and turn Cass De Voe, my manager, back into Cass De Voe, my lover.

I flung down the pen, kissed him over the rim of my glass. "I'm yours now." I teased. "Signed, sealed and delivered!" He drew me back onto the sofa, his lips seeking my cheek, my mouth, my throat, with a passion that evoked a terrifying response in me. "Cass, darling . . ." I whispered. "Don't. Take me home. Cass . . ."

It was a weak plea and he continued on past 79



LAUGHING

By Peggy Wells

THE first time Irene Noblette looked at Tim Ryan she burst out laughing, right in his face. Three months later they were married. And that started the comedy team of "Tim and Irene" which you recently heard Sunday night on NBC's "Going to Town" program and on their own half hour during the week.

Everything about them is so mixed up. Their laughter and tears always come at the wrong places. Their romance, for instance, which should have been a beautiful, serious thing was a hectic bit of comedy. Their career, on the other hand, which should have been clear sailing, was marked with heartbreak. I'm warning you now, Tim and Irene aren't a bit like the conventional, average run of people you and I know.

They met on the stage of the leading theatre in Joplin, Missouri. Irene Noblette was the ingenue of the stock company there and Tim Ryan was the leading man who had just been hired. The regular one had suddenly walked out on the show, and, if the company hadn't been stuck, Tim would never have gotten the job. For beyond possessing clean-cut features, an Irish smile and a brief bit of experience as chief barker in a carnival show, he had nothing to recommend him for the job.

There he was on the stage, rehearsing for the evening show. He didn't quite know what to do with his hands, his face was wooden and expressionless, his voice didn't behave and he sputtered all over the place.

Irene, watching him from the wings, turned to another principal and groaned, "So that's going to be my new leading man? Heaven help us!"

When she was called to rehearse the love scene with him, he put his arms around her awkwardly. "I love you," he said. He didn't exactly say it, he shrieked it. And Irene, instead of whispering something tender as her lines required, did a most upsetting thing. She burst out laughing. She laughed so long and loud that it re-echoed in the last row of the empty theatre. Tim, shame-faced and red, stared at her.

"Do that scene again," the director ordered, "and don't laugh!"

They tried it again. This time, Tim's voice cracked in the middle of his short speech. Irene's face twitched in an effort to keep that giggle down. But it came out, first



And who wouldn't laugh at the amusing little lady above. She's Irene Noblette to you, but she's just plain Missus to hubby Tim Ryan on her left. You can hear this funny pair over NBC.

A SHRIEK OF LAUGHTER BEGAN A HECTIC ROMANCE
THAT LANDED TIM AND IRENE AT THE MINISTER'S.
THEN TOGETHER THEY BEGAN A GAME OF HIDE
AND SEEK WITH TRICKY FATE

LOVERS



in a suppressed snicker and then in a roar and a howl.

The director stalked over. "You're dismissed for the day, Miss Noblette," he yelled. "Leave the theatre."

That sobered her instantly. "But he was so funny. I didn't mean to—"

"Leave at once," the director stormed. Burning with humiliation, she stalked off the stage, her Irish nose held high. But in the privacy of the wings she huddled in a heap and started to howl. Suddenly a hand touched her shoulder and she heard a voice say, "It really wasn't your fault. I'm sorry."

Irene looked up. There was that dumb leading man. And he was serious, too. "I guess I looked so funny you couldn't help laughing at me," he was saying.

Gosh, what a regular person he was! This time it was Irene's turn to blush.

And that was the incident that started their romance off to a high-powered speed. But there was one obstacle in their fast and fiery courtship. It was Irene's mother.

Mrs. Noblette always distrusted the theatre and its people. She had tried to keep Irene away from it, but well—what can you do with a headstrong, impetuous girl. Irene was bitten by the stage bug when she was a child. Then at fourteen she left school to become a chorus girl in a stock company. There was nothing for Mrs. Noblette to do but travel with her daughter to see that she didn't get in the path of the devil that must surely lurk backstage. And above all, she was going to see that Irene didn't marry an actor. "All actors are alike," she lectured, "and Tim Ryan is no different from the rest. He'll just leave you stranded."

Irene would listen with a straight face and then sneak away to meet Tim for midnight suppers after the show. There they would hold hands and discuss their problem. "Let's just run off and get married," Tim said, "without telling a soul." And Irene—*(Continued on page 74)*



Left to right: Jack and Loretta Clemens, Ann Elstner, Adele Ronson, Conrad Thibault.

Librettist Courtney Riley Cooper

FOR

Distinguished

Listening to "The Gibson Family" the other Saturday evening, I found the perfect answer to every critic of our American system of broadcasting.

This American system wherein advertisers give us vast quantities of entertainment in exchange for the privilege of telling about their product has been under fire too often in Washington. At the same time the British system of government-given broadcasts has been highly praised.

To those of you who have heeded these critics, let me tell you that never in all their lives have British listeners been granted the opportunity of hearing such an expensive,

expensive radio show as the glittering "Gibson Family."

With its very first presentation of "The Gibson Family," American broadcasting took a gigantic stride ahead toward the goal of creating worthwhile, adult, radio art. Herein are combined prodigally the finest talents available for original radio fare. Original music, new words, a brand new book . . . a thrilling "world premier" in our parlors each Saturday night. Here is beauty and excitement and emotion, provided by the authors and played to the hilt by an expert and excellent cast. And here is advertising accomplished with forthright honesty and stimulating modesty.





Composer Arthur Schwartz



Lyricist Howard Dietz

SERVICE TO RADIO

RADIO STARS Magazine congratulates the Procter & Gamble Company on the vision and courage they needed to produce such a show. We congratulate, particularly, Lyricist Howard Dietz, Composer Arthur Schwartz, and Librettist Courtney Riley Cooper on having a part in the rearing of a pillar of progress in the art of broadcasting.

Because of this significant achievement, we present to "The Gibson Family" this month's Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Curtis Mitchell





(Above) John Barclay, (right) at the age of five with his mother, baby sister and brother, at their country home in England.

Things always happen to JOHN BARCLAY

By Dora Albert

ARE YOU getting enough adventure into your life? Or are you fed up with a dull, monotonous round of existence in which nothing ever seems to happen?

If you are, you'll be interested in the secret of John Barclay, the leading actor on the Palmolive Beauty Box hour.

Things always happen to John Barclay. He's TNT. He's dynamite. Around him the very air seems to crackle. Never for a moment has his life been monotonous. He has traveled around the world, faced death on the Yellow

Sea, been in the War, been lost in a Chinese city, found romance, lost romance, found it again, and he has been on the stage, in opera and on the air. One year he may be sitting on top of the world and the next he may be completely broke. But never do the gods seem to decree that he must know the torture so many of us know of days following days without end and nothing ever happening.

Well, how can you get adventure into your life, as John Barclay has gotten it into his



(Above, left) Barclay as he appears today. (Above, right) As you see, this leading actor of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre makes a most impressive looking, as well as sounding, Sir Joseph in "Pinafore."

I'll tell you. Fling caution to the winds, take a chance, laugh in the very teeth of death. If there are two ways of doing a thing, the safe, cautious way and the unplanned, dangerous way, do the reckless things. If your life hangs on a thread, throw the thread away. If your job doesn't appeal to you, chuck it and look for something else that does. If you're in a rut, jump out of it. If you haven't the money to travel first class, travel any way and see the world through a third-class porthole. Laugh at the gods. Defy your fate. Don't accept the meagre portion the

gods have doled out to you. Throw it away and demand more of them.

Mad, insane advice? Of course it is. But you were asking me how to get adventure into your life and I was telling you John Barclay's way. He was as mad as a hatter. Being born in Betchingley, England, to security and position meant nothing to him. At sixteen he was very tall, six feet three in height, a veritable giant. Today he's still taller, towering over the other members of the Palmolive cast, as his life (Continued on page 76)

The pistol that killed
Russ Columbo.

Illustration by A.



Fredrich

One of the latest pictures of Russ Columbo before the fatal night his life was so tragically snuffed out by a pistol in the hand of his closest friend, Lansing Brown of Hollywood.



Thousands mourned as his body, covered with a blanket of gardenias sent by Carole Lombard, was borne to the altar of the Catholic Church on Sunset Boulevard. Bing Crosby was one of the pall-bearers.

A CRUEL, unreasonable accident.

Or the strange, relentless working of a destiny that was meant to be . . . ?

Sorrowfully, the radio and motion picture worlds ponder these two heart-breaking phases of the untimely passing of golden-voiced Russ Columbo.

On Sunday evening, September 2, the country was startled by the raucous voices of newsboys: "Russ Columbo Dies! Radio Crooner and Movie

Star Accidentally Shot By Lansing A. Brown, His Best Friend!" And then followed the details of what the Los Angeles police department called the most "incredible accident" on their files.

Two men . . . lifelong friends . . . talking . . . one of them casually playing with an old gun on his desk . . . an antique over 100 years old . . . many times previously he had sat in contemplation or conversation unconsciously pulling at the old trigger lock . . . now he takes a cigarette from his pocket for a light, he sticks a match on the

THE LAST STORY OF THE HAPPY LIFE AND TRAGIC DEATH
OF RUSS COLUMBO BY HIS FRIEND, WALTER RAMSEY

of Russ Columbo



International News

The home of Lansing Brown in which Death so heartlessly slew the twenty-six-year-old boy who in eight months had achieved the success in work and love of which men dream.



International News

(Left) Lansing Brown, noted portrait photographer who held the dueling pistol that killed Russ Columbo. Lt. Page carries the antique pistols.

barrel of the gun in his hand . . . a sudden explosion! a shot hits the top of his desk . . . ricochets . . . his friend slumps . . . "Russ you're kidding! . . . My God! . . . Mother . . . Dad! . . . and five hours later *Death!*

Could this be right? It is too cruel that a twenty-six-year-old boy who, in the past eight months, had achieved the success that all men dream of, *success in his work and success in love*, should be snuffed out by an accident so freakish that it insults the reason! This was the first horrified reaction.

And then as people in Hollywood who knew him and loved him talked of Russ in tear-choked voices you began to hear the word "Destiny" . . . "inescapable Fate" . . . So many heartbreaking "Ifs" were uncovered.

If Russ, himself, had not changed the hour and date of his current radio broadcast over a national hookup from Sunday evening to Friday evening, he would have been rehearsing at the hour the fatal bullet entered his brain. If Russ had



(Center) Carole Lombard, one of the chief mourners, her mother and Dr. Martin.



Roger Pryor and Ann Sothern attended the last rites for the famous and well-loved Russ.



Sally Blane and her mother were also mourners at the Columbo funeral services.



(Left) A very usual scene in the Columbo home—Russ, his mother and Dad spending an evening together. (Right, l. to r.) Alberto Columbo, brother, Joseph DiBenedetti, brother-in-law, John Columbo, brother, Mrs. DiBenedetti, sister, and Delmar Smith as they entered the church.



Photo by J. B. Scott

listened to the advice of his close friend, Lansing Brown, the very man who's pistol ended his life, he would have been in Chicago on Labor Day, September 3, beginning a six week's series of radio and public appearance programs that would have netted him \$7500 weekly! If Russ had not been so wrapped up in his newly-dawning career in motion pictures, he might have accepted the invitation of Carole Lombard to motor up to Lake Arrowhead and dine with her on Sunday evening. But the first Columbo starring picture for Universal, "Wake Up And Dream" had been previewed the previous Friday evening and Russ wanted to remain in town and talk over certain possible retakes on the film. If Lansing Brown had been toying with the mate to the old dueling gun that ended the career of his constant friend, even the match head would have

done no harm because the other gun contained powder, but no shot!

The second, and perhaps truest, reaction was that unexplainable and mysterious *Destiny* had ended the career of the boy so many people loved! Fatalists say "What is to be, will be, and man cannot change the Fate of his existence!"

In an understanding and sincere radio tribute to Russ the day following the tragedy, Rush Hughes, well known commentator and son of Rupert Hughes, said: "I cannot help but wonder if his death is sad, or a triumph, a triumph for a boy who knew the joys of victory, but didn't have to stay to know the shabbiness of defeat, the bitter days of striving to hang on to a glory that eventually slips away and eludes all men. In the past year Life generously pored her greatest successes (Continued on page 83)



Ray Lee Jackson



Ray Lee Jackson

shirley howard

STORY books always have a fairy godmother. But radio has the godfather. Rudy Vallee. Rudy has provided more seats for unknowns in the roster of fame than you can count on all ten of your fingers and toes.

One of his latest contributions to the loudspeaker is the demure Miss pictured here, Shirley Howard. You all know her deep, deep contralto that warms the very cockles of your heart when you twirl the dial to the NBC network these winter evenings.

A few short months ago Shirley was a newspaper reporter in Philadelphia. Her job was to listen to air talents and write about them. Little did she dream that one of the most important would listen to her. He did. At a social affair for which she had volunteered to sing. And that lucky incident unlocked the gates to fortune for this lovely lady.



**buddy and jeannie
freddie marlin**



Jackson

AT the top of the page you see that cute couple who remind you of a budding romance. It's Buddy Rogers and the charming little elf in his arms is Missus - somebody else's. The gallant Buddy is assisting diminutive Jeannie Lang to reach the high notes and high mike to sing song along with Ward's bread rolls.

That suave handsome gentleman nonchalantly draped over a deck chair is your friend Freddie Martin who plays all the high hat spots in the Big Town. Right now he's gaying up New York's St. Regis with his tricky dance arrangements which are guaranteed to put life into the dull feet. Tune in NBC for his program if you want to be pepped



carol deis

HOW would you like to ask Santa Claus for a piano and have him leave a typewriter in your stocking? It happened to Carol Deis. Pennies were scarce in the Deis household so Carol learned to play the typewriter and joined the arm of tooling girls who leave a half emptied cup of coffee on the table, powder their noses on the front steps and make a break-neck dash to catch the 8:20 to the office.

Then she won the Atwater Kent contest in 1931, and she has been climbing that golden ladder of fame ever since. Carol was prima donna of the recent CBS "Spotlight Revue." Now you hear her over NBC standing for a short notice.



McLaren



Ray Lee Jackson



Powell Pro

GLOBE TROTTERING TO GLORY

(Above, extreme left) Rita Bell, the indigo singer who knows what it means to be blue. (Left) "When I was in China," but you'll have a hard time persuading Rita to talk, for terror played a great part in the Chinese sojourn.

**By Marlia
Mc Clelland**

YOU want to crash radio, do you? I wonder if you have the nerve. Yes, I mean nerve. Would you leave family and friends on a moment's notice to go on a wild-goose chase to strange, weird countries to accomplish your ambition?

I wonder how many of us could honestly say yes? And, because I believe that number is very small, I want to tell you the whole thrilling story of one girl who would—and did. Her name is Rita Bell. She sings with Harold Stern and his Hotel Montclair orchestra over the NBC network, and she arrived at this job via New York, Paris, London, Africa, Berlin, Florida, California, China, Honolulu, Hollywood and back to New York.

Five years ago, Rita Bell was just another average girl looking for a break in radio. Full of talent, ambition and hope, she was like thousands of other youngsters who

were storming the audition doors. But in spite of a darned good voice, in spite of an armful of letters from "important people," in spite of a dynamic personality and a figure like an exclamation point, Rita never got past the frigid stares of the studio hostesses.

Instead of going back to the farm, disillusioned and disgusted, Rita determined to do something about it. Her only hope, she decided, lay outside of New York, which was already over-run with would-be singers. So she shook the dust of New York from her feet, tucked her bags under her arms, crossed her fingers for luck and hopped on a boat for Europe! Little did she dream that it was to be the first lap of an amazing journey—in the name of career.

The scene was different in Europe. They welcomed American performers and Rita managed to bluff her way



(above) She wasn't posing for a cigarette, either, when this was snapped in North Africa.

Taking in a "show" in an African village, where performers are bedecked in trophies of the hunt.

A little more to the taste of civilization were Rita's (right) experiences during the time she worked in Honolulu

TO THE WILDEST JUNGLES OF AFRICA AND INTO THE MYSTERIOUS ORIENT, RITA BELL WENT IN SEARCH OF A CAREER

Several singing jobs in the smaller Paris stations. Then she went to London where she obtained work from time to time with the British Broadcasting System. One day the turning point in her life came in the person of a Mr. Messinger, representative of the African Theatres, who visited the BBS studios while Rita was there trying her turn to go on the air. And if she hadn't been a lively, peppy American girl with the American's natural "take-a-chance" attitude, she might have been too scared to take up his unusual offer, for out of a clear sky he asked how she would like to sing in Africa.

Within three minutes after the proposition had been made, Rita Bell of New York signed a contract that was to take her to that continent.

It was in Capetown, South Africa, that she first learned about radio and its workings, all about "mike" technique and about the fans' tastes. But in spite of the comfortable environment of the broadcasting studio, she managed to see the real Africa and all of its fascinating horrors. Once, for instance, a young officer from North Rhodesia invited her to go on a rhinoceros hunt across the river. "I was having a grand time," she told me, "enjoying the strange, wild beauty of the African jungles on either side of the narrow river, when suddenly I looked into the river and saw a sight which made me sick with fear. There, flapping along the boat, were droves of crocodiles, their cavernous mouths yawning and yapping significantly. I rushed to the other side of the launch, hoping to escape the sight, and again I looked right down into those horrible, gaping mouths.

Quaking with terror, I went to warn my friend. But to my surprise he laughed, saying, 'We're all used to

that now. Look at the other people in the party. They're not frightened.' I looked around and sure enough, the rest of the party were completely oblivious of the ugly creatures."

"I asked one of the native sailors on the launch if the crocodiles ever molest humans crossing the river.

"He shrugged his shoulders. 'Sure, Missy,' he replied nonchalantly, 'but what can you do? Maybe we be lucky.'

"Well, I couldn't take such a casual attitude toward life. That trip was ruined for me."

BUT, of course, there was her career to think of. You see, her African radio debut had gradually opened the doors to other foreign broadcasting stations. Gradually her programs simmered into several European countries. The idea of a young American girl singing in far-off Africa was too unusual to pass without comment. That's how it happened that she received an offer to sing in Berlin. So Africa with its weird customs was left behind for Europe again.

Shortly after, she was back in the U. S. A., Florida wanted her. And not many months passed before she was in California, playing the theatres of Los Angeles and broadcasting over Station KXN.

Her friends thought that by now she was settled and would be content to stay put. But she wasn't. A chance came to sing in--of all places--China! So she landed in Shanghai.

Rita did her best to instill some American custom into the Chinese broadcasting situation, but didn't always succeed. For instance, while she was singing in one of the hotels, she was offered a (Continued on page 100)

Radio's man

THIS piece is going to be a mystery story! First, because it concerns *The Mystery Chef*—radio's third most popular performer. Second, because it has to do with a certain mysterious room.

Now, this room is a magic spot. It contains an iron box out of which fire blazes at the touch of a match. On its walls hang caldrons and vessels for brewing strange mixtures. The shelves and bins are weighted with grains and spices from the six continents. And in the cupboard, smooth as a baby's cheek, reposes a magic wand.

It is a room like any other room when an ordinary person uses it. But when a wizard comes through the door and lights the fires and starts the bubbling and the boiling, then magic follows. A potent magic that sweetens the waters of life. A magic that can produce strong love, lasting friendship, devoted husbands, and children who prefer to stay at home.

The magic room—our room of mystery—is, as you may have guessed, the kitchen, any old kitchen. The iron box is everybody's stove. The wand, a rolling pin. The magic is cookery. Cookery, which the Mystery Chef asserts, is the most powerful force for human happiness.

"I have known people to fall in love, get married and live happily together—all because of a good meal or two," he said with a smile at his wife.

"I have known homes," he continued, "that were heading for the rocks and shoals of divorce to be saved by a half dozen good recipes.

"I have seen nodding acquaintances ripen into warm friends over a series of well-cooked dinners.

"We all know how business is accelerated by good cooking, how contacts are made, negotiations carried forward and contracts signed over the luncheon table.

"And I know of little brown hens whose rating in society, far below zero, suddenly popped above par and whose homes became everybody's favorite dropping-in place, when the little brown hens demonstrated that they were major cooks.

"Friendship, love and happy marriage, these, the most important things in life, often come and go depending on what emerges from that room of mysteries, the kitchen."

When he tells you these things, the Mystery Chef is not guessing, he is simply talking of what he knows, giving you facts as definite and indisputable as Forty-Second Street and Broadway. He knows the magic that cooking can accomplish from twenty-five years at the stove, from

thousands of conversations, and from 1,200,000 letters sent to him by radio admirers. Only two other persons on the air can boast as many.

These letters are true stories, confessions, outpourings of troubled and jubilant human beings who tell the Mystery Chef what's what in American homes. They come from husbands and wives, from school girls and rah-boys, from nine-year-old snivelers and ninety-year-dodderers. "There were enough to cover the railroad tracks from here to Seattle. And some got in my eye and made me weep. A great many tickled me and made me laugh, like this one. . . ."

It was about a girl who was in love with an awful nice fellow. And he was in love with her. But no wedding date was set and the engagement dragged and dragged. She told the Chef all about it in a letter, how her sweet heart would come three or four times a week to eat the blue-ribbon dinners her mother cooked. And how the man loved to eat! One morning, sunk in the deep in the blues she heard the Chef on the radio. He made cooking sound so easy, so fascinating that she got out a pen and took down his recipes and walked into the kitchen.

That night the boy friend ate and ate, sighing with bliss as he demolished a roast, three different vegetables, a salad, pie, coffee and trimmings. When there was nothing left on the battlefield but crumbs, he pushed back his chair, walked around the table and kissed the girl's mother smack on the cheek.

"Maw," he said rapturously, "that meal was a masterpiece. Them chips, them pies, them . . . them. . . ."

The old lady waved her hand impatiently. "Be yourself, Elmer! The kid cooked the dinner. I was at the movies all afternoon."

Well, you could have knocked him down with a bus. A month later, they were married. And if you don't believe me, ask the Mystery Chef.

BUT how can you ask him if you don't know who he is—do I hear you inquire? Yes—who is he—what is this remarkable man—why the mystery? It's about time someone threw a little light on the subject, so here goes.

His name is John MacPherson; residence, New York. A bland, sandy, freckled Scot, big and braw; the brother of an English peer, and, until he took up cooking, one of London's most successful advertising men. When he came to this country years and years ago he stopped

The Mystery

boarding house where the cooking was so bad that he is driven, in self-defense, to take up cooking. And he has been cooking ever since. He has been married twenty-five years and his wife has yet to cook her first meal. Whether there be two or twenty guests for dinner, he prepares and cooks and serves all meals. What a break for Mrs. Mystery Chef MacPherson!

He wears no mask but he hides his identity because his mother, who died recently, did not like the idea of her son's larding out recipes to the public. As a point of fact, this man of mystery has done more to take the ask off cookery than any other living chef or domestic science authority. He has mastered the art of teaching in words of one syllable. Each syllable, in his case, being packed with information and wisdom.

The Mystery Chef knows the recipes of almost every dish eaten by civilized man. "I have in my possession, among others, over two hundred recipes of the world's great men," he told me. The list of recipe inventors includes Luther Burbank, Lord Balfour, George Eastman, King Edward VII, Steinmetz, Clemenceau and many others of equal rank.

Shut up in his head are ten thousand recipes for food, rare and commonplace, but he has other recipes, too—the kind not usually found in cook books. He has recipes for the happy life. "To be a good cook," he said, "you must go into the kitchen with love in your heart for what you are about to do and for the people who will eat your cooking. It is the most important ingredient of any recipe."

Not so long ago he got a letter from a woman who told how skillful management of her kitchen, following the Mystery Chef formula, had carried her husband and herself through the depression doldrums. She spoke of how her husband suffered because of his failure to find a job. He was becoming desperate and nothing that she could say seemed to help. Up to that time she had been a fair, run-of-the-mill cook. But those days, weeks and months of her husband's ordeal, she shut herself up in the kitchen and by dint of prayer, power of love and tips from the Mystery Chef accomplished magic. She poured herself into the pots and roasters—with a hawk's eye on the expense. And she got across to her man, dish by dish, the message that nothing else mattered, neither money, house nor job except the fact that they were both

alive and in love with each other now and forever.

What are the most valuable things in life, asks the Mystery Chef? *Memories* is the answer. What are our most precious memories? The memories of home. Are they not wrapped up in pies and cookies and Sunday chicken. The cake that mother used to make. The turkey we used to eat on Thanksgiving. The shining table . . . the faces of pa and ma . . . all when we were young and without a care.

No greater enthusiast for the magic and mysterious room exists than the Mystery Chef. But he is no advocate of the old-fashioned system under which women sweltered hours and hours at the stove. He is constantly warning against such methods and giving hints on how to avoid overwork when guests are expected.

For example, he has discovered a way of preparing grape fruit two days in advance. And a system of pie baking that is equally ingenious and labor-saving. The pie is made in three sections: crust, fruit and whipped cream. The first two can be made twenty-four hours before the guests are expected and put together with the whipped cream in five minutes.

After giving a recipe for baked fish, he says, "Fish that has been cooked according to my recipe can be put in the icebox and reheated when required."

What a man! He is not in a flutter when guests arrive. He doesn't sit down one eye, one ear and one nostril trained on the cooking department. No indeed and no, no no! Everything is set when they arrive. He is free to attend to his guests. His meal smokes on the table before the cocktails are consumed. And before the first fork descends into the hors d'œuvre he is in his chair. What is more he is as fresh and unwearied as the guests.

"Your table is a stage," the Mystery Chef declares. "It should have its spectacle every night." He doesn't mean fancy gewgaws. He means a spectacle that will make your tummy applaud.

Ostrich plumes, bicycles, bustles, hips, wasp waists and all of the other things of the gay nineties are back a la mode. Cooking is due for a revival. It used to be *Come out of the kitchen!* It's going to be *Go back!* A million and a quarter writers of letters to the Mystery Chef represent a trend and a demand. So tiptoe out of the parlor and into the magic room, wave the wand and win for yourself all the solid and spiritual things essential to a pleasant human existence.

LOVE, MARRIAGE—COME OUT OF THE MAGIC ROOM OF THIS WIZARD

RADIO SAVES LIVES

By Mary Jacobs

I'll just tune in for awhile," said Mrs. Anna Smith of Newcomb, New York, wearily, to her husband. "Maybe there'll be a snappy jazz band or a bit of comedy. I could stand a little cheering up sittin' around and waiting for my leg to heal. Can you imagine a little pup like that biting so deep? Drat the dog!"

It's a lucky thing Mrs. Smith did tune in, for the chance broadcast from station WGY of Schenectady saved her life. Radio is a strange instrument. It reaches into the far corners of the globe and in a funny, zigzag course maps out human destinies. Quite unintentionally, it seems. Perhaps it will be you to be singled out today or tomorrow.

You doubt it? A seemingly irrelevant broadcast has, more than once, changed a person's life. A whole family's existence. Radio has warned people of onrushing floods. It has prevented suicides. Caused them, too. Romances have been patched up. Abandoned and helpless children found homes. Radio has acted as a doctor by proxy, and cheated death.

To return to Mrs. Smith, nursing her dog-bitten leg. The broadcast warned that a dog, answering the exact description of the pup which had bitten her, was at large and that it had rabies. Anyone bitten by that pup was to visit a doctor immediately and undergo the famous Pasteur treatment if he wanted to remain on this earth. A bite from a mad dog, as you know, usually proves fatal.

In less time than it has taken me to write this, Mrs. Smith and her husband were on their way to the doctor's. Today Mrs. Smith is alive and healthy.

Radio has proved a life-saver in numerous other ways. Particularly has it guided young boys and girls, torn by conflicting emotions and half-crazy with worry.

I'm not talking of radio's power to keep us amused and entertained, to keep boys and girls off the street corners, out of mischief, provide them with good, clean fun in their homes. Oh, no. I'm just thinking of how chance radio programs have often filled a terrific need.

Even the lowly comedian may be master of someone's destiny, through radio. So Jack Pearl learned last week, for one of his silliest, most egotistical sallies helped a poor, bewildered girl start anew in life.

Maybe you recall the skit

Baron Munchausen is telling Sharlie of his mother who, he says, always loved him in spite of his faults and errors. Who, in fact, did something no other woman achieved.

"God bless my mother," the Baron says.

"God bless my mother," Sharlie repeats.

"I said it first," counters the Baron. So Sharlie says, "God bless all mothers."

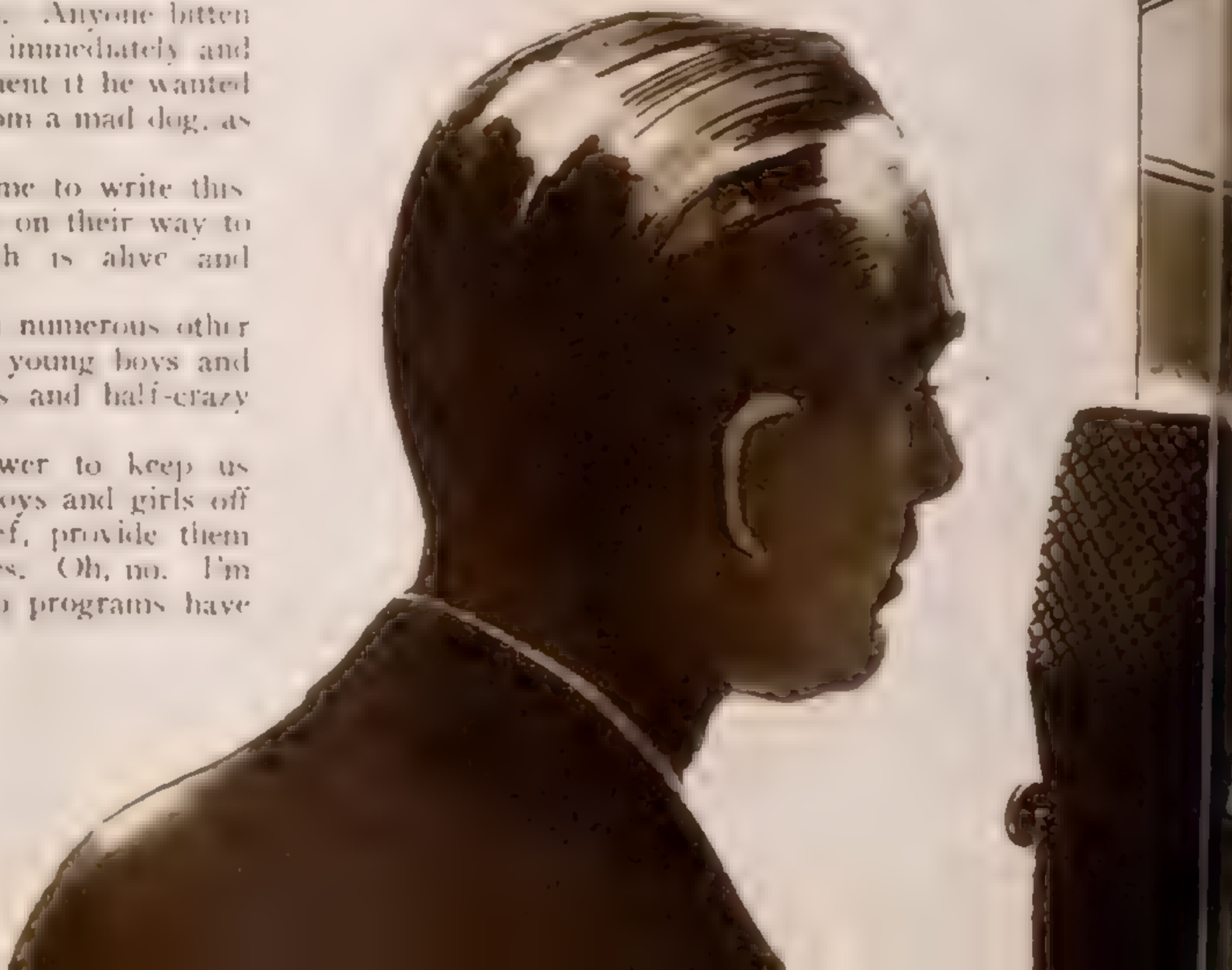
The Baron adds, "But my mother a little more."

The thing his mother did that no other mother had done—you guessed it—was to bring him into the world!

The Baron forgot the skit. It was just another group of gags that had gone over.

When a week ago, a young lady came to see him. She admitted to his secretary that he didn't know her from Adam, but she just *had* to see him.

HER'S was the same old tale. An eager, young girl who had grabbed at romance in the form of a shoddy love affair with a married man. Before she realized what she was doing she had run away with him. Now she didn't dare return to her home. But she wanted to go back so badly.





**THE PROGRAM THAT GIVES
YOU A HEADACHE, PRE-
VENTS YOUR NEIGHBOR
FROM MURDER AND SUICIDE**

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK WELCH

She had listlessly tuned in on the Baron's program, heard his skit on mothers. It flashed through her mind that her mother was like his—her mother loved her, believed in her, would be willing to forgive her sin. Her mother might even welcome her.

She decided to go. Back home she went. Her mother cried with joy at seeing her and having her again. The girl is happy now at home.

Have you ever heard of a radio broadcast that nipped a first class murder in the bud?

It centers about a middle-aged woman who lives in Paterson, New Jersey, her eighteen year old daughter, Janet, and her divorced husband, who lives in Chicago. And about a broadcast of Cheerio's. I'll tell it to you just as Janet told it to me.

Her mother divorced her father when she was a tot. He, with a reputation not of the best, went west. For years they had never heard from him. Then recently he came to Paterson and told horrible lies about the mother to Janet and their friends. Janet felt she should tell her mother, who listened calmly enough and laughed it off. But deep in her heart she brooded over what had happened. Her husband had ruined her life; now he had come back and blackened her character to her daughter and her friends. He had tried to tear down what had taken her years to build up. She became obsessed with the idea of revenge.

She'd fix him, close his lying mouth forever. She would kill him. She bought an automatic, packed it in her overnight bag, and bought a ticket for Chicago. There was quite a time before her train pulled in. Someone's radio was on full blast in a car nearby. She was in no mood for programs, but she couldn't help hearing this one.

It was Cheerio. He spoke of the foolishness of revenge. Said that God, the Almighty Avenger, takes care of everything in his own way, manages to even up the scales of Justice. That those of us who seek revenge usually discover it's a boomerang. We pay for one moment's satisfaction with years of regret.

WHAT the crime she was planning would turn out just that way. She'd kill her ex-husband, but what then? Years in jail

for her, notoriety for her loved ones, absolute ruin for her daughter. That voice over the radio brought her back to her senses. Plotting out all ideas of revenge from her mind, she returned home to seek peace and contentment once more.

Then there's the story of how radio mapped out the destiny of little Wendy Gay Perkins, even before she was born. Little blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Wendy is called the Perkins' home for over two and a half years now. She's the adopted daughter of Ray Perkins, comedian, songster and master of ceremonies at NBC.

Let's go back to April, 1932, when Ray was featured three weekly over the NBC network. He was having a swell time cracking jokes, singing and carrying on in general. So were we, listening in and laughing all of us, except two young people who sat, lonely and heart-sick, in a cheap two-room flat in uptown New York. They certainly had nothing to laugh about. Life was a cruel joke to this young couple. Married. Broke. Jobless. With a baby due almost any day. They had become accustomed to privation, since the boy lost his job. But how could you bring a sweet, cuddly baby into the world to starve? They'd just have to find someone to take it. They couldn't bear sending it to an orphan asylum like a common foundling.

To forget his troubles, the young man tuned in. They heard the studio audience laugh at Ray Perkins' sallies. "Darn that fellow," the young man muttered. "A lot he's got to worry about, with a gorgeous home, a nice son and plenty of money. I'm turning him off. Baka."

But the germ of an idea had been created in his wife's mind. Perkins had so much, maybe he'd be willing to take their baby. She sat down and wrote to Ray Perkins. So pleading and so full of heartbreak was the letter, that he answered it in person.

WHEN the baby was a few months old Ray Perkins adopted it and he and Mrs. Perkins are raising it as they would their own. The real parents remain forever grateful to radio and Ray Perkins who has provided their child with a home, love and all the advantages of wealth.

Elsie Hitz learned, quite recently, that radio does move in mysterious ways its wonders to perform. She knows a young man who owes his sanity to radio.

A while ago, when she was playing the lead in the "Dangerous Paradise" series, she began receiving hot love letters from a young man in Philadelphia. Let's call him Jim—obviously we can't use his right name.

Plenty of young men fall in love with Elsie Hitz's voice and send her love letters, so as with the rest, she disregarded this one. Came others. Each week this young man's notes became more burning. He evidently needed no encouragement.

One morning she received a letter from a physician in Philadelphia, this boy's family doctor. He explained that he was going to make a very unusual request, because he

saw no other way out. Would she please answer the love-sick boy and invite him down to New York for a day? The young man, he explained, was an engineering student who had had a nervous breakdown. In spite of everything his family tried to do, in spite of all the doctors had done, the boy remained listless, extremely nervous and wanted to die. There was nothing for which to live. Except Elsie Hitz's dramatic programs. They were his one escape from reality and from the overwhelming sense of futility that oppressed him. He was the hero who rescued his lady far from the clutches of the villain, who grabbed her to safety the instant before her horse leaped down the precipice.

The doctor felt meeting his idol, together with the thrill of meeting radio stars, might wake him up, shock him back into normality. Miss Hitz might even be able to persuade him to go back to school, convince him that life held something worth fighting for.

Elsie Hitz invited the young man down. Met him at the train with her car, drove him around all day, introduced him to big shots in radio. He was thrilled. She even slipped him the money to pay for the dinner, so he could feel like a big shot himself. And she spoke to him straight from the shoulder. Told him to buck up. To go back to school. To forget his troubles. How could he dream of romance before he had a profession, before he could support himself and a girl?

He agreed to give it a try. So far, it has worked beautifully. He's well on the road to recovery. But he doesn't know till this day that the chanteur who drove him and his beloved around all day long was Elsie Hitz's husband, who saw and heard all and said nothing.

I know of another time when radio proved a life saver. Really more than a life saver to an old, weary, heartsick couple in Glassboro, New Jersey. A Mr. and Mrs. Jacob S. Eisenhower. In Glassboro they had bought a modest home, and raised their brood of four sons. They planned to live out their days peacefully there.

Came the Depression—with a capital D. The old folks (they were married sixty years, mortgaged their little home. That was bad enough. But when it came time to pay on the mortgage, they didn't have enough to pay the interest on the \$1400 due. They appealed to all their sons. Three weren't in a position to help them. Their fourth son, Harry, hadn't even bothered to answer their tearful pleas. I think this hurt more than the fact that they were going to lose their home.

How could they know that Harry had moved to Middleport, New York, and had never received their letters?

The house was to be sold at a sheriff's sale: three o'clock September 27. After all these years together they would be homeless, outcast, penniless. Where could they go? What could they do?

But a little old battery set radio saved the day. Noon their son Harry arrived with his wife. There was no sale of his parents' home that day. No sir. He said that.

"I didn't know anything about these goings on," I explained. "Ma and pa don't write very often. You know how it is. This morning, at breakfast, my wife tuned in the old set on a broadcast that described her being auctioned off over here. I almost swallowed my fork when I heard our old home was up for sale."

Now do you wonder that radio is considered a life saver? As you see, one can never tell who will be next to encounter a tremendous problem. It may be you—with the far-reaching voice of radio to your rescue.





Yes, it's Kate and
her manager, the
clever Ted Collins.

**By Bland
Mulholland**

THE BRIGHT NEW FEATHER

IN KATE SMITH'S CAP

THIS FAMED SONGSTRESS BLAZES NEW TRAILS IN RADIO

WHEN you've listened to Kate Smith's Matinee from three to four on Wednesdays, that grand program which was inaugurated on September 12, you may have noticed that the merits of no commercial product were dinned into your ears.

And there won't be on any future Kate Smith Matinees. Because the program already has a sponsor and it's not for sale to any national advertiser.

The sponsor is the Columbia Broadcasting System and it's the first time in the history of radio that a star has been sponsored by a chain! Which means that William Paley, head of CBS, is willing to pay Kate Smith the big salary her popularity demands rather than allow some advertiser to take over the program and pay her that salary.

Why should Columbia spend all that money? Remem-

ber that usually such programs are built up with the hope that they will graduate from sustaining to commercial, thereby taking the burden of their expense from the shoulders of the chain, besides bringing in huge revenue for the sale of the time itself.

The reason for Mr. Paley's revolutionary move is his far-seeing effort to eradicate the most glaring and unfortunate weakness in the structure of the broadcasting business. And the fact that he has chosen Kate Smith to pioneer in the elimination of that weakness is a bright new feather in her already crowded cap. There's a story of struggle and perseverance behind Kate's victory.

Several months ago RADIO STARS told you about her vaudeville tour, which started out to last six weeks and ended up as a six months' (Continued on page 96)

MEN are SAPS

By Mary Jacobs

DELLILAH made a monkey out of Samson. Josephine made a fool of Napoleon. Cleopatra greased the skids for Marc Antony, protesting all the time that she loved him. And a modern blonde and a brunette took the sweet singing Everett Marshall for two of those buggy rides you read about.

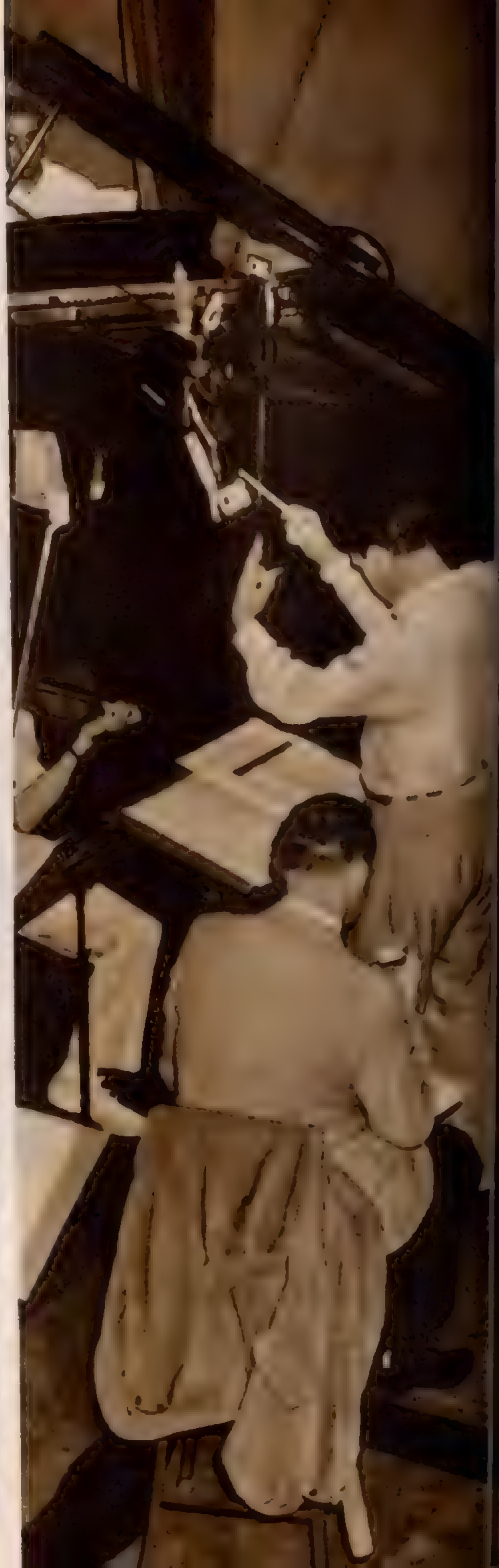
You'd think that nowadays in the sophisticated world in which we live that young men would be too wise to allow a girl to make saps out of them, that they would weigh the little woman pretty carefully before they signed up for life.

But it isn't so—not with the majority of men. And it wasn't so with Everett Marshall, of opera, stage and radio fame.

The first girl to entangle his heart was Mary Ann, a blue-eyed, honey of a girl who'd make any man's heart skip a beat. If underneath those adorable blonde curls Mary hid a calculating nature, eighteen-year-old Everett was too naive about women to realize it.

Let's go back to the city of Worcester, Massachusetts, where freckle-faced Everett Marshall lived on the wrong side of the railroad tracks. Bending over his back-breaking job of laying tracks in the chain gang of the Boston and Maine Railroad, he dreamed of the day when he would be a Metropolitan Opera star. And each Sunday he came one step closer to his world of golden dreams, for dressed in his finest he went to sing in the weekly concert at the Worcester Music Academy.

One day there was a new girl at the piano, a bright, blue-eyed bit of a girl, with a turned-up nose. She wasn't



**THERE ARE SOME THINGS
WHICH MEN NEVER LEARN
FROM EXPERIENCE—AND
THAT'S ABOUT WOMEN.
TWICE EVERETT MARSHALL
HAS ALMOST SACRIFICED
HIS CAREER TO FEMININE
CAPRICE**

(Left) Everett Marshall before the mike rehearsing with Victor Young's orchestra for the recent "Spotlight Revue." The pretty Miss in the rocking chair with her knitting is Carol Deis, prima donna of the same show.
(Insert) a closeup of the baritone.

slow in noticing this handsome, though gawky, young Everett in his stiffly pressed blue serge. He was such a shy and timid kid who had made no real friends, because he felt he didn't belong. When Mary Ann smiled, his whole world changed.

Together they walked home from the concert. Every look of Mary Ann's, every softly spoken word, told him the thing no girl had even hinted before. She liked him!

That Sunday marked the beginning of four long years of paradise for Everett. Now he had someone who cared. Someone besides himself to work for. Finally, when he was promoted to an office job at thirty dollars a week, he spoke to his sweetheart about plans for the future.

"Mary," he said, "you know how I feel about you. You're bound up with all my dreams of the future. Everybody's been urging me to go to New York and develop my voice. I've saved up enough to take vocal lessons for a little while, so why can't we get married now and go to New York, where I can get some sort of a chance at music? You know there's nothing doing here."

Mary turned blazing eyes on him. "Go to New York?" she asked. "Are you crazy? Do you mean to say you are ready to give up a good job with a regular salary to take a chance on music? Look at all the men with voices better than yours who never got anywhere! What makes you so sure you'd do well in New York? And what do you think I'll live on while we're in New York—peanuts? If you want to marry me we'll stay right here."

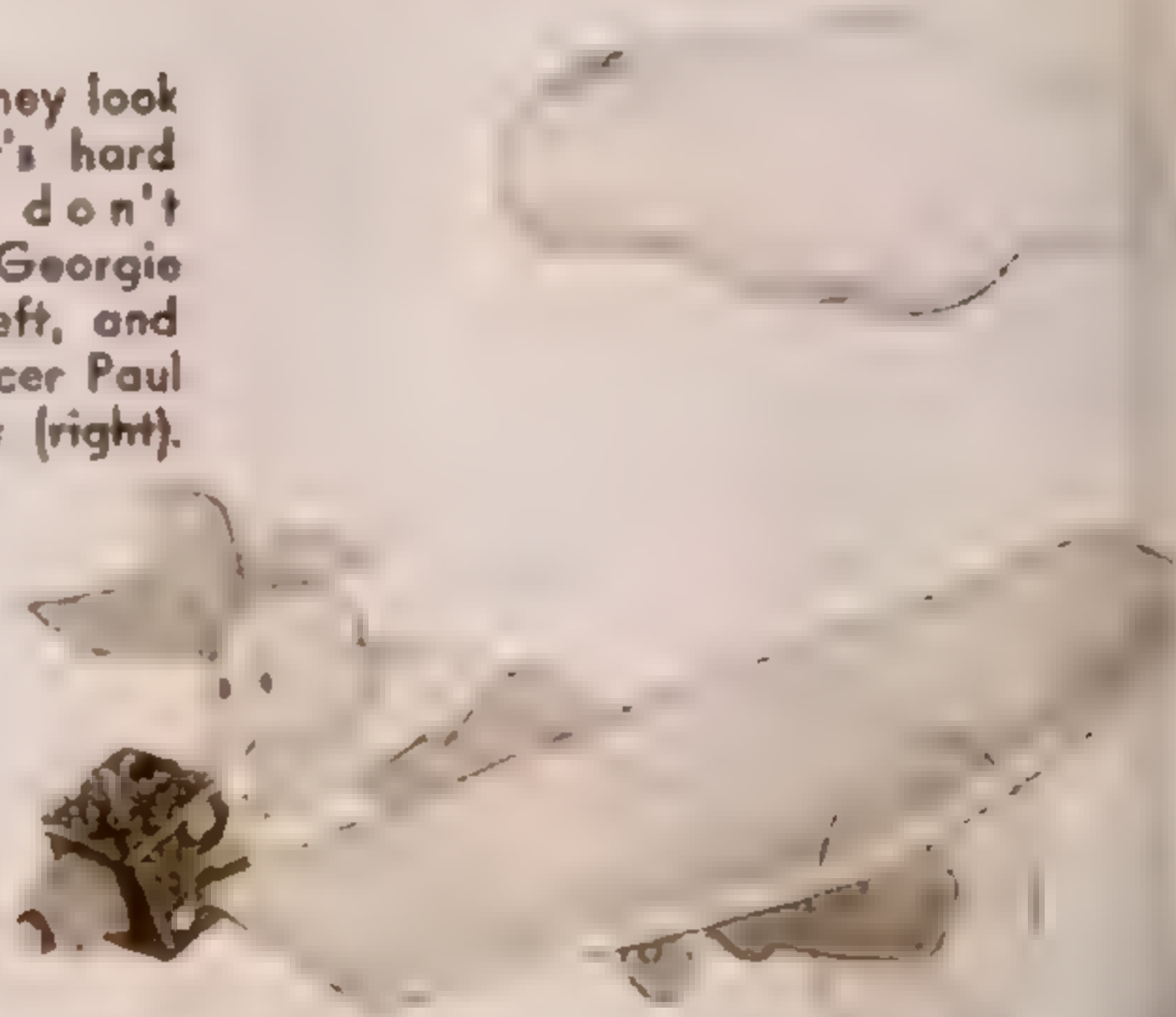
"I guess you're right," he (Continued on page 69)



Gadding about with



(Left) They look as if it's hard work, don't they? George Price, left, and Announcer Paul Douglas (right).



(Above, left) From Phil Duey's expression, he's baritone a love song straight from his heart. (Above, right) "While Rome Burns" Woolcott, who, as you know, is an author and radio celebrity, now comes out in the movies. "Girl of Gab," a Universal production, is his first.

our candid camera

IF TELEVISION COMES—YOU'LL
NEVER GET SHOTS LIKE THESE



(Above, left) Helen Jepson, of the Kraft program, is the latest radio songbird to fly to the Metropolitan Opera. (Above right) Dick Powell's leading lady of the air, Rowena Williams, victor in a nation-wide songstress contest. You hear her on the Campbell program, "Hollywood Hotel," CBS. (Right) We've heard that Grace Hayes is changing her name shortly to Mrs. Newell Chase. He's the pianist who accompanies her lovely soprano over NBC.





(Left) With these three on the air, you've got the Dixie Circus, a recent CBS program. Frank Novak, band leader, ten-year-old Betty Rice, and Clementine Heine-man, accordion player.



(Above) Who doesn't know them? W. Winchell, Abe Lyman, Ruth Etting and ward G. Robinson. (Below) Lennie Hay- James Melton, Portland Hoffa and Fred



(Left) Amos without Andy. These fish came from Alaskan waters, he says. And since it's Amos and not Andy who's telling the fish story, we believe it. Amos—Freeman Gosden to his missus—i back after his first vacation in eight years. And was galavanting around Europe while away



(Rht) And maybe Schoolboy Rowe doesn't enjoy this more than pitching for the champion Detroit Tigers. No wonder, either, for he's warbling with Vallee's trio—Dot, Kay and Em, noted for their pert beauty and the kind of voices that it takes to make the world listen. Which is the big reason Rowe temporarily forsook the diamond for the microphone.



(Lft) Ethel Ponce, WLW humming bird, sitting behind the scenes at Ringling Brothers' show. (Below) Ralph Kirby, the Dream Boy over NBC, after a long day of hunting.



(Rht) A couple of black-cats gone white—Moses and January. The handsome Molasses, left, Pick Malone and January is Pat Padgett.

Gadding about with our candid camera

A COAT FOR A

Queen

By Helen Hover



THE PRIZE—is this luxurious black moire caracul coat with its imperial silver fox collar, modelled by Vivienne Segal. Notice the sleek, lustrous caracul made of selected pelts and the sumptuous silver fox collar. It has that svelte, fitted line that makes any girl look slim and chic for it has been fashioned by special design and with the expert workmanship which go into the creation of all I. J. Fox coats.

YOU CAN READ, CAN'T YOU? YOU CAN WRITE. THEN YOU'VE GOT A GOOD CHANCE TO WIN THIS \$495.00 FUR COAT FOR YOURSELF!



Long models favored by stars
the coats on this page, also
igned by I. J. Fox. (Above)
t you just love the casual
tiness of this three-quarter
th leopard coat worn by Ra-
a, of Paul Whiteman's pro-
n? (Below) Or this tricky silver
kin Rosemary Lane prefers.

(Above) Shirley Howard, NBC
songstress, brings out the full
dramatic beauty of this mink coat
fashioned on simple but elegant
lines. (Below) This Manchurian
ermine on lovely Frances Lang-
ford, warbler over NBC, achieves
a gay nonchalance with its swag-
ger lines and full sleeves.



RULES

1. This contest is open to all resi-
dents of the United States and
Canada, excepting employees of
RADIO STARS Magazine and I. J.
Fox, Inc.
2. All entries must be mailed before
midnight, November 30, 1934.
3. Each letter shall be 100 words or
less in length.
4. First prize will be the \$495.00 I.
J. Fox fur coat.
5. Prize winning entry will be that
letter which gives the best
answer to the question: Do I ob-
ject to advertising on the air?
Why or why not?
6. In case two or more letters are
judged to be tied for first place,
duplicate prizes will be awarded.

SOME lucky lass or lady will
own it a month from today.
Thirty days or less from the
time you read these words,
somebody's mother, sister, or daughter
will be sporting a \$495 I. J. Fox fur
coat just like the ritziest radio stars
wear.

If you're on your toes, there is a
good chance for that Miss Somebody
to be you!

You! Actually! With the silver
fox collar cuddling 'round your neck.
With the moire caracul fur keeping
you cozy on the coldest days. This
is no run of the mill winter wrap,
mind you. It is one of the glamor-
styled creations from I. J. Fox, fur-
rier, whose stores span the continent.
Its the same sort of coat he sells to
Radio Row's smartest dressers. And
don't forget the flattering silhouette
that's been designed into this marvel-
lous model. You can use it, whether
you're a perfect thirty-six, a Girl
Scout, or a stylish stout.

Here is the way to win this \$495.00
coat:

Write a letter to the Coat Contest
Editor, Radio Stars, 149 Madison
Avenue, New York City.

Answer this questison: Do I object
to advertising on the air? Why, or
why not?

Write your answer in 100 words or
less.

Sign your (Continued on page 81)

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

This is the story of a man who loathed his work for twenty-two years.

And finally made the thing he loved pay him rich dividends.

I'm talking of Albert Payson Terhune, whom you hear on the air every Sunday afternoon telling his amazing stories of dog heroism. His job, you know, is raising dogs, writing about them, talking about them and loving them. And I don't know any other job in the world like it.

He knows more astonishing facts about dogs than any other human. For instance he knows that dogs have better memories than elephants, that they have a keener sense of intuition than women. A dog two years old has several times as much sense and education as a child of two. He claims that dogs can read your moods and work problems that call for reasoning. They can distinguish the engine throb of a car a mile away.

Yet he has never known a dog that had enough sense to unwind his chain when he had tangled it or a dog with brains enough to lay a stick on the hearth when the fire

(Below, left) Albert Payson Terhune, noted author of dog stories that have brought thrills and throat catches to millions of animal lovers.

(Below) With two of his prize winners.



DID—UNTIL A DOG LED HIM TO CONTENTMENT AND WORLD-WIDE FAME

was dying. He doesn't know why dogs have this queer blend of super and subhuman intelligence, but he swears that they do.

But before I tell you some of his amazing experiences in dogdom I want you to know a little about this six foot two inch giant who has devoted his life to his four-footed friends.

As those of us who listened-in on one of his first radio broadcasts realize, Albert Payson Terhune wasn't always so thoughtful of dogs. Once he was a mischievous boy with all the unconscious cruelty of youth. Let's go back to an incident that took place over half a century ago, when Terhune, a child of six, was playing on the front steps at Sunnybank Farm. Romping in the gravel path before him were three pudgy, flop-eared pointer pups, blissfully content. Suddenly an idea struck the youngster. Grabbing the pup nearest him he took a firm hold on its ears and swung it back and forth, higher and higher. It was grand sport! The puppy emitted such loud yelps of pain and terror!

From nowhere the elder Terhune appeared. Without a word he released the pointer pup from his son's grasp and gently placed it back with its brothers. Then, turning quickly, he picked young Albert up by his ears and swung him back and forth, pendulum style, just as Albert had swung the puppy.

Three times he swung him back and forth through the air, the child's screams shattering the stillness of the atmosphere like a blast. Then, as unexpectedly as he had come, the father disappeared into the house, leaving his son sobbing with pain. And bewilderment, for his tiny world had collapsed. His kind, good father, who

had never harmed anyone, had deliberately tortured him and his young mind couldn't grasp the situation.

SUDDENLY, he felt something soft and warm nestling up to him, felt a hot little tongue licking at his hands and his feet, timidly touching his face. He heard a queer grunting sound of sympathy, accompanied by light pats of the forepaw. The pup, the very one he had hurt so dreadfully, was trying to comfort him, to ease his pain. In a flash he understood. It dawned on him that he was suffering what the little pointer had suffered; that he had tortured the puppy exactly as his father had tortured him. Why, he could learn more from that dog than it could learn from him. It forgave him his cruelty, was loyal even through abuse.

Since then he has been a dog-lover and student, but for twenty-two years he did not realize that he could turn his hobby into cold cash. Instead, he was pushed into a field he hated—newspaper work. When he was a young man of twenty-two, a friend got him a job as a cub reporter on the old *New York Evening World*, and there he stayed for twenty-two years, detesting it all the time. In fact, he might have been fired from his work early in his career except for an accident.

Mistaken for a detective by a group of strikers while he was still very green, he was beaten and assaulted. When they discovered their error, they were so ashamed that to square matters they gave him every scoop available and his editor marveled at the dumb cub reporter who so rapidly developed into a brilliant newspaper man.

Just before the War he got up enough courage to leave newspaper work, hoping to earn (Continued on page 92)

(Below) An early morning trek across the fields of Sunnybank at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, where Terhune raises his blue ribbon collies, known the land over.



(Below) A study portrait of Albert Payson Terhune, who was delayed for twenty-two dreary years in realizing his life ambition. You can tune him in each Sunday afternoon at four over NBC.



Lanny Ross

TURNS M.C.

**LADIES AND GENTS, ARE YOU HEP TO THE
HOT NEWS ON THE KILOCYCLE FRONTIER?**

It concerns Lanny Ross, star of Show Boat and the new movie called "College Rhythm". Briefly, Lanny Ross has turned m. c.

So what is an m. c.? Well, it's an important sort of fellow who keeps the ball rolling, the spirit soaring and the music on the up-beat. It's an important sort of fellow who can sing, soothe and satisfy with both hands tied behind him. It's a sort of important person who has what the girls call "them" and the boys call "schmaltz". An m. c. is a master of ceremonies . . . and that is Lanny's latest job on the jam-jammed ether avenues.

His sponsor is Log Cabin Syrup and his show is called "Lanny Ross and His Log Cabin Inn," featuring his Log Cabin Orchestra. And what an Inn. It's a sit-me-down hangout for the real blue bloods of society and the stage. With as bon-tonny an atmosphere as ever trickled through your loudspeaker, with a velvet-voiced orchestra and a brand new hatful of tricks, Lanny Ross bids fair to make all America Log Cabin Inn conscious.

If your Wednesday nights need needling tune in to the WJZ blue network of NBC and get that lift. Many a gay couple is making the Inn their radio rendezvous . . . and don't be surprized if you run into some of your old friends from RADIO STARS Magazine. We'll be there, too.

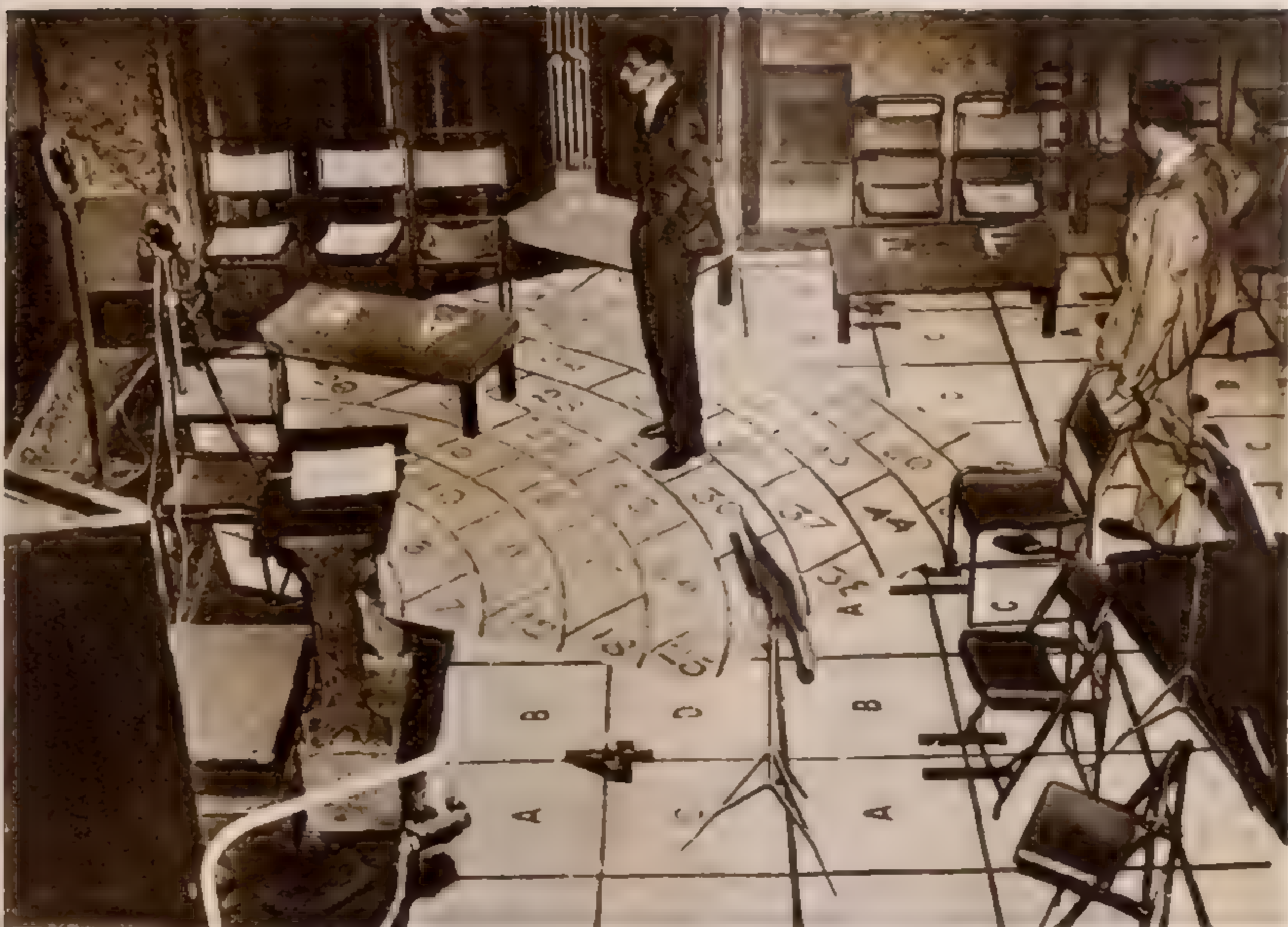
Here are the stations to tune to and the time to do it:

7:30 p. m. - WENR-WLS, Chicago; KWCR, Cedar Rapids; KSO, Des Moines; KOH., Omaha-Council Bluffs; WREN, Kansas City.

8:30 p. m. - WJZ, New York; WBAL, Baltimore; WMAL, Washington; WSYR, Syracuse; WHAM, Rochester; KDKA, Pittsburgh; WGAR, Cleveland; KFO, San Francisco; KFI, Los Angeles; WCKY, Covington; WJR, Detroit; KGW, Portland, Ore. (Continued on page 70)



(Right) No, this picture isn't indicative of one of those English games. Rather it's a means of preventing arguments and aims at perfect mike technique at the same time, for the carpets are squared off and numbered to remind performers of their exact positions before BBC microphones. (Below) Danny Malone, Irish tenor, who came over the seas to sing to you via NBC.



Wide World

"I LISTEN IN LONDON"



Wide World

By Hope Hale



(Left) Would you recognize this as a microphone? That's what they call it in England. And the dark musician is one of Duke Ellington's boys. Remember how the British warmed up to their Harlem jazz?

SH-H-H-H. . . Turn down the wireless. Don't let the loudspeaker blare forth our secret to the cop on the beat. (Pardon me, I mean the bobby on point duty.)

No, I am not listening to the propaganda broadcasts in the English language from the U. S. S. R. I couldn't get them any more, if I tried. Somebody else has taken care of that little matter.

Why all the mystery, then? Isn't England the land of traditional freedom?

This is my secret and this is my crime: I have not paid my ten-shilling wireless license tax. I am a 'pirate.' I am one of two million who listen-in, very quietly, whose neighbors would thank the gods of piracy if they knew.

But they do not know. We have not even an aerial to point to our misdeed. People don't have outside aerials in London. It's not allowed. It doesn't look nice.

Six million people in England, though, are not pirates. They each pay their license fee of about two dollars and a half each year. And that's not all they pay. Radios cost important money in England. Twenty guineas—or about eighty-five dollars—is bottom price for wireless sets.

I didn't buy my radio. I rented it. Because of the high price of sets, renting is a popular system. I pay eleven shillings a month, or about two dollars and seventy-five cents. This includes service, moving if I move, and replacement by a new model as mine goes out of date. That comes to about thirty-three (Continued on page 74.)

PEEP IN AT THE



Senator Frank-
enstein Fishface
—need we say
more?

Bernard

If you had thirty minutes to spend on a radio program and they were all you had, where and how would you spend them to get the biggest and best for your time? Speak up, you thrifty dial twiddlers, you demon luggers and huggers—where?

The answer is—if I haven't taken the words out of your mouth—the *Carefree Carnival*. Broadcast Saturday nights from Station KPO in San Francisco. A California program that is big, that is practically perfect, yet has naught to do with the climate or the motion picture colony.

Radio's greatest bargain! And for the following reasons: The *Carefree Carnival* offers you, for your time, crooners and torch singers, a quartet, a fem trio and an orchestra on a par with anything in the East. It has

lull-billy singers headed by the best cowboy voice on the air. A harmonica player and a man with a "stummick piano" as good as Phil Baker. And that's not all. There's a hisping, baby-voiced innocent who recalls Portland Hoffa of Fred Allen's program, and a comedian who chews, hacks and strangles words better than Roy Atwell of the same Mr. Allen's program. The word mangler under discussion is billed as Senator Frankenstein Fishface.

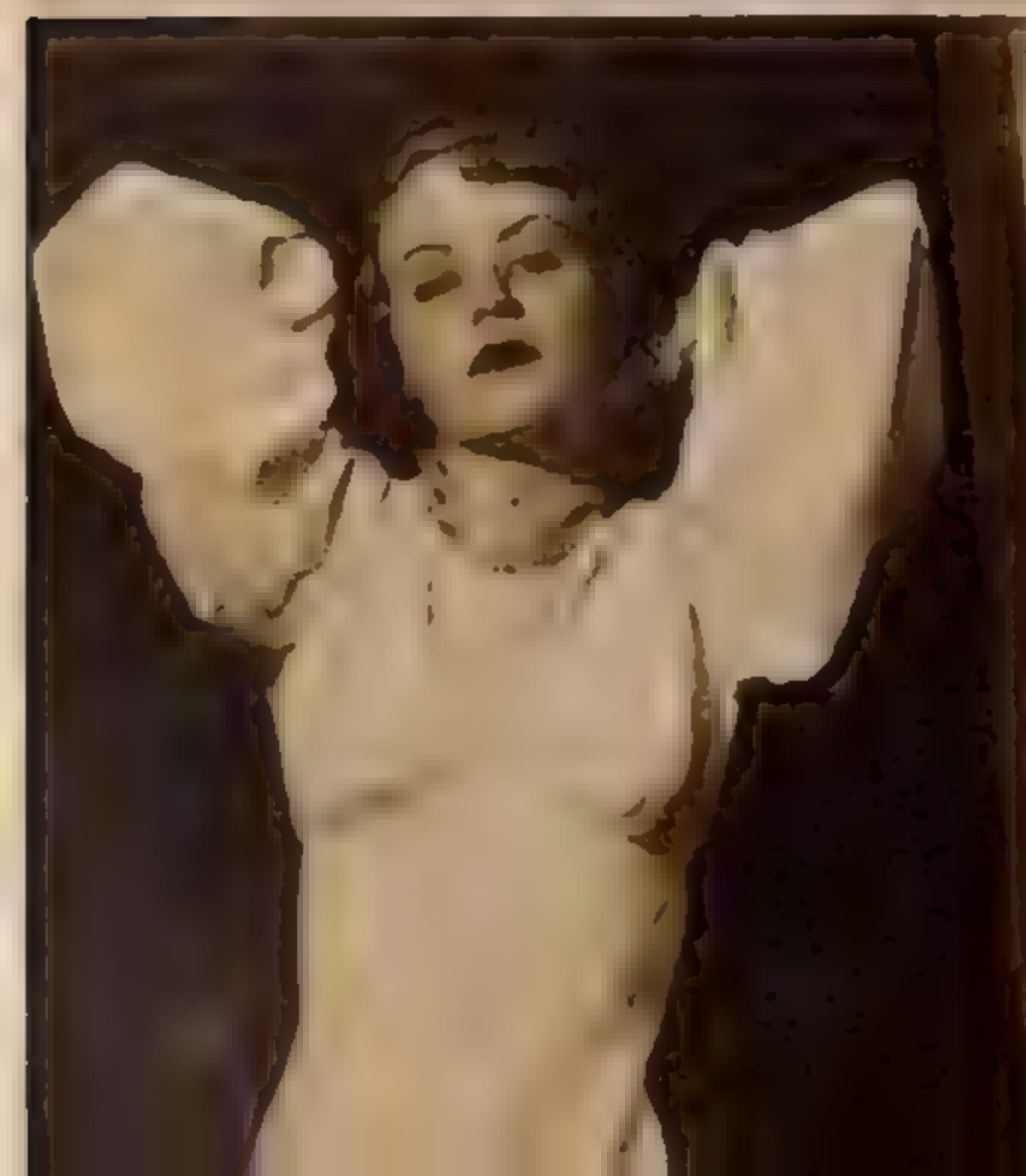
There's more, too. The *Carnival* includes a dumb dame and stooge who are Burns and Allen of the West, and another pair whose act is on a spot midway between Cantor, Wynn, Penner and Pearl. Finally, but by no means least, it has the flavor of a Rudy Vallee or Paul Whiteman seance, only lots more homey and informal.

Now is that a bargain or is that a bargain? The only

When beauty and talent go hand in hand the answer is petite Gogo DeLys, contralto.

Ben Klassen and Myron Niesley. When dressed up like this they're philosophers. Otherwise they're tenors.

The "lyre and lute man," big Charlie Marshall. Known also as the hillbilly and cowboy warbler.



CAREFREE CARNIVAL

BARGAIN! BARGAIN! BIGGEST BARGAIN TO HIT THE AIR. FOR THE PRICE OF ONE HALF HOUR OF LISTENING A WHOLE ASYLUM OF STARS IS YOURS

By George Kent

type of humor not represented is that of Amos 'n' Andy and the Goldbergs, but they'll come to it yet. For all of that, my friends of the great Eastern spaces, this program is no copycat. It has sparkle and ideas. It has a gusto all its own. And it is developing stars. Ryan and Noblette and Tommy Harris, all three were stars on the Carefree hour before the wise men of the East spotted them. Nelson Case was the program's announcer. Now he too has crossed the Mississippi. Neither Case nor the others were known until the KPO feature pitched them into the limelight.

Back in 1933, month of June, the Carnival was born. It was brought into the world to be a summer fill-in, but fooled its parents. It knocked listeners into the aisles from Puget Sound to Palo Alto. It became the sensa-

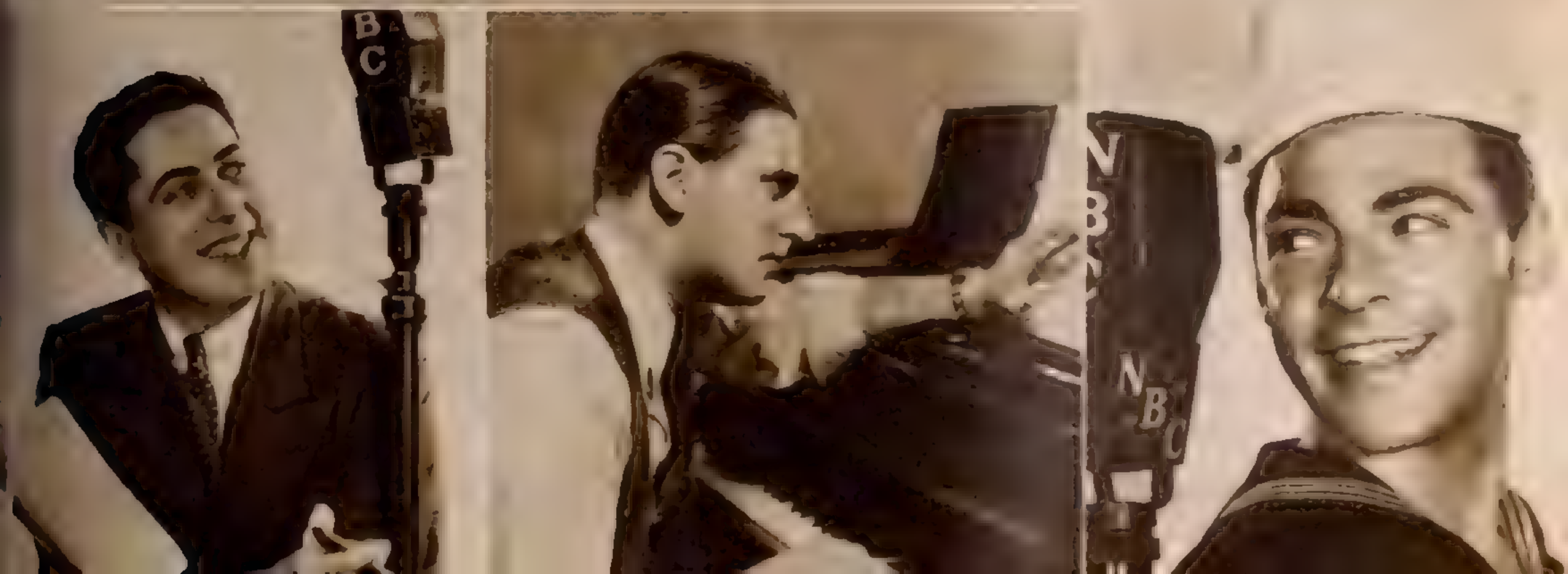
tion of the West Coast. So it stayed. And stayed, with no time off. The letters poured in. The program crept East, with the permission of the engineers, getting as far as Chicago on the first creep. A few months ago it reached New York. Here it is today, a regular feature of the NBC networks—and the networkers are glad it's there. People like a bargain, whether it's time or money they're spending.

The auditorium in San Francisco, where the broadcast takes place, is crowded on Saturday night when Ray Tollinger, master of ceremonies, opens the program. Ray is no iron-handed disciplinarian. The stars he presents interrupt him and sass him. The atmosphere is happy-go-lucky and reminds you of a house party in an amiable insane asylum. (Continued on page 95)

Master of Ceremonies, Ray Tollinger, who has a terrific job. He's stooge for the entire cast.

The orchestra leader with twenty batons. It's Meredith Willson who provides the fast tuneful action.

Recognize this sailor? Yes, it's Pinky Lee, who learned to lisp proposing to the girl he married.





Crowds stormed New York's Central Park Mall when Jazz King Whiteman batoned the CWA's band, which provides music for free dancing.

The BAND BOX

LATEST to join the ranks of Kentucky colonels is Abe Lyman.

Richard Himber, leader of the Studebaker Champions, has had his contract renewed for another year.

To Leopold Stokowski goes the honor of directing radio's biggest band. He batoned 1000 musicians in Yankee Stadium in New York at a benefit held as a gesture of sympathy to the Jewish refugees from Germany.

The reason Mark Warnow was relieved of his sustaining band spots on CBS was so that he could give full time to his two commercials, "Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood" and the Admiral Byrd broadcasts.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Goodman recently celebrated their twenty third wedding anniversary. And he's directing more radio and Broadway shows than ever.

Last year Director Clyde Lucas, who batoned an ork at the University of Kansas a decade ago along with Buddy Rogers, announced his engagement to Frances Langford of the NBC Colgate House Party. But Frances, who was singing over NBC from Chicago at the time, went back to New York and nothing has come

of it. No reasons given. Frances now has a new beau.

Wayne King is in his eighth season as maestro of the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago. At the sister ballroom, the Trianon, Jan Garber is playing his second season.

Arlene Sohr, vocalist with Ted Black's NBC ork, is really Mrs. Ted Black.

Victor Young is now general musical director of Decca, the new recording firm. He used to be the same for Brunswick.

The Jan Garbers have turned down an offer from Paramount to have their daughter Janice, five years old, go into pictures. Paramount spotted the girl on Catalina Island this summer and wanted to pit her against Fox's Shirley Temple.

Johnny Mercer, Paul Whiteman's song writer and sea singer, has another song out to follow his composition "Pardon My Southern Accent." The new one is "P. S. I Love You."

For those who've asked, the four original songs of the opening broadcast of "The Gibson Family" on NBC Saturdays are: "Absent Minded," "Cowboy, Where Are You Riding-o?" "Under Your Spell" and "Hi De Ho Home Sweet Home." If any one of these turn out to be a hit

SHAKE TIME FROM YOUR FEET AND PEP UP YOUR LINDY HOP AND THAT



(Above) Left to right: Ted Fio-Rito, Hal Kemp and Fred Waring. (Below) Ork leader, Harold Stokes and Alice Pattern, NBC girlsinger.



(Above) Big Boy George Olsen needs no introduction. You'll be hearing him again. (Below) He looks like Mussolini, but he's Lud Gluskin.



Jimmie Grier, whose orchestra broadcasts from the Coast. (Below) Making up for the stage—Vincent Lopez of the Demitasse Review.



Wide World

give radio the credit, for they were written especially for this NBC radio program.

Carlos Molina, the maestro from Colombia, South America, who is now enlivening the Columbia network with rhumbas this fall from the Stevens Hotel in Chicago, will carry his cariocas to the Miami Biltmore Hotel on Christmas Day and will play at the swank Florida spot for the winter season.

Buddy Rogers and his band are to be on the air this fall from the Arcadia in Philadelphia, a spot said to have the financial backing of Joseph Widener. Thus the Ward Family Theatre program featuring Buddy and Jeannie Lang has been moved from Chicago to New York.

Frank Simon, cornet soloist and bandmaster of the Armco Concert Band on NBC Sundays, is one of the few maestros to hold the degree of Doctor of Music.

Hail radio's most novel band—"The Knights of the Gray Underwear"—the home-made band of the Admiral Byrd Expedition in Little America.

Vincent Lopez is scheduled to play his first commercial program from the West Coast this fall. It's the Demitasse Revue, an NBC show going no further east than Kansas City. Lopez is to play at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel in California this season in competition with Ted Fio-Rito

at the famed Cocoanut Grove. Ted, you know, also has a commercial, the "Hollywood Hotel" starring Dick Powell and Rowene Williams, Chicago girl who was picked in a national audition by CBS.

Odd as it seems, Art Kassel has an NBC microphone at the Bismarck Hotel in Chicago for his sustaining band programs, yet his commercial is broadcast three times a week over CBS.

Here is the personnel of Don Bestor's orchestra: Walt Payne, Walt Long, Jack Lynx and Harold Stargeart, saxophones; Ed Dieckman, Buddy Harrod and Karl LaMagna, violins; Eddie Camden and Ducky Yuntz, trumpets; Bill White, trombone; Wayne Euchner, piano; Tommy Whalen, drums; Hank August, bass; Billy Yates, guitar.

Like Xavier Cugat, the ork leader, Ulderico Marcelli, the South American conductor of the new NBC House by the Side of the Road, featuring Tony Wons, is a brilliant artist and caricaturist.

Why was Harold Stokes, NBC conductor, off the air for thirteen weeks? The answer: overwork. He suffered a nervous breakdown while conducting the Palmer House Promenade.

The director of the orchestra (Continued on page 81)

... EIGHT! NINE! TEN! The Winnah! In fact Miss Ethel Sale of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, has such a punch in her two straight forward questions about radio artists that she had Uncle Answer Man groggy for days at the sheer simplicity of her interrogation. Thus does Ethel win the \$5.00 from RADIO STARS.

And V. R. Behm of Waterbury, Connecticut delivers a nice telling body blow. So the \$3.00 goes to the Behm family.

Furthermore, that snappy little rabbit punch which is packed by Virginia Palmer-Ball of Louisville, Kentucky, isn't so bad either. That little sock, lady, is going to cost the Answer Man \$2.00 more and is he glad to give it.

Thus is RADIO STARS' Uncle Answer Man so pleased by people who do not: (1) Ask for personal replies to their questions; (2) Ask for addresses of radio artists; (3) Ask about non-network stars; (4) Ask their questions be answered in the next issue; (5) Ask questions which have been answered an issue or two before, and (6) Ask more than two questions. He's so pleased he's glad to fling money about to worthy inquirers.

As for the Distinguished Service Award to Uncle Answer Man, the editor says, "No!" So that's that.

Looka! Here's how straightforward Miss Sale is:

Question 1. Does Marion in "Smackout" program impersonate all female parts?

A. You betcha.

Question 2. Does Jim in same program impersonate all male parts?

A. I'll betcha this time. Both do.

And here's the Behm conciseness:

Question 1. What happened to Tim and Irene of the "Carefree Carnival?"

A. Casually, Uncle Answer Man would suggest turning the tuner inner of your set to any one of the NBC blue network stations which carry the program "Tim and Irene's Sky Road Show" Tuesday nights at 10:30. Sorry that the station list is unavailable.

Now for the clarity of Virginia Palmer-Ball:

Question 1. On what stations may the "Ivory Stamp Club" be heard?

A. That's easy. WJZ, New York, only.

Question 2. Where did first Byrd broadcast originate?

UNCLE ANSWER MAN ANSWERS



The Sisters of the Skillet, East and Dumke,
go into the kitchen.

A. If, Virginia Palmer-Ball, you mean the first sponsored Byrd broadcast, it was from the flagship S. S. *Jacob Ruppert* in the Pacific Ocean, en route to New Zealand. That broadcast took place November 17, 1933. But if you mean the first non-sponsored broadcast, of this series, it was from the *Jacob Ruppert* tied up at her pier at Boston, Massachusetts, about six weeks before the Pacific program.

And now, peepul, having seen how nice and easy questions can be made for your poor, tired Uncle Answer Man, we'll continue with the rest.

Q. Are any parts of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre or Campana's Little Theatre off Times Square, electrically transcribed?

A. You mean are they on records? Yup. But it's only the sound effects of the lobby in the first case and the street noises in the second case. So they tell me at NBC, anyhow.

Q. What are the names of Bing Crosby's twins?

A. Hey now, that ain't fair, two timing me by putting two questions into one like that. Oh, all right! They are Philip Lang and Dennis Michael, born in July, and just to forestall any

further questions about the Crosby progeny, his first baby was Gary Evan, born June 27, 1933. You bet Bing's proud!

Q. Is Tiny Ruffner of Show Boat fame married? A father of children; over six feet four inches? And how old is he?

A. Wow! Wotta order. Well, he's old enough to know better, which he does. He was born November 8, 1899. He has no children--yet. He is six feet four and one-half inches tall.

Q. What's happened to the Landt Trio and White?

A. Waddye mean what's happened to 'em? Don't you listen to them on the NBC, WJZ-blue network every morning except Sunday at 8:15? You don't, eh? Well rise and shine, folks, rise and shine.

Q. When was Annette Hanshaw born?

A. Betcha those who asked that want to cast her horoscope. Well, it was October 18, 1910.

Q. Is Carefree Carnival sponsored?

A. Nope.

Q. How old is Harriet Hilliard?

A. Twenty-three. July 18th is her birthday.

EXTRA! EXTRA! ANSWER MAN'S SWEEPSTAKE WINNERS COLLECT

Radio Stars' Cooking School



By Nancy Wood



Thanksgiving and Rudy originated
in New England.

MY TIME IS YOUR TIME...



GREETINGS, friends and radio fans. With the familiar words of this theme song, I introduce our guest star, Rudy Vallee. I am greatly pleased to have Rudy with us, not only because of his long-standing popularity as Master of Ceremonies of the Fleischmann

brother, Bill Vallee, to pinch hit for him in supplying the few missing details. This he most kindly did and as a result of this collaboration I am able to supply you with a very complete description of the type of foods that have made the New England observance of Thanksgiving Day famous the world over. I'm sure you'll agree that this feast had staunch and worthy advocates in the Vallees and furthermore that a dinner as perfect as theirs merits the flattery of imitation.

four and as singer, orchestra leader and movie star, but also because Rudy, being from "down Maine" way, I feel that he is just the right person to give us some pointers for this particular Radio Cooking School broadcast. For this is not only "your time and my time," as the theme song suggests, but Thanksgiving time as well! And who better is there with whom to discuss Thanksgiving than a New Englander.

With this idea in mind, I started out to interview Mr. Vallee on the subject of Thanksgiving Day in the Vallee home back in those days before college and the exacting requirements of fame made reunions there difficult, if not actually impossible. Armed with determination, a pad, a pencil and a lot of preconceived notions on traditional Thanksgiving foods and customs, I sallied forth to find this native son of the State of Maine. I soon discovered that I needed both pencil and pad, for I had to copy down a menu for a Gargantuan meal and to write down some new ideas of what constituted a real New England Thanksgiving. I also found that I had even greater need for determination, since, in order to get these interesting answers for you, your scribe had to pursue the busy Rudy from rehearsal to office to broadcast, throwing breathless questions at him the while. Then when my informant finally escaped me to rush down to his job as orchestra leader in a smart Long Island restaurant, I asked Rudy's



Courtesy H. J. Heinz Co.

m-m-m-Mince Piel

In the first place, Thanksgiving Day in Rudy's Maine home started off with a *large* breakfast. This was followed by a brisk walk. After hearing that the breakfast included such things as *pie*, I am inclined to believe that the walk was dictated, not so much by the esthetic thrill of viewing the lovely fall landscape, nor even by an enthusiasm for exercise *per se*, but by the necessity for shaking down the meal already partaken in order to create an appetite for the next one! And that next meal, of course, was dinner, prepared by Rudy's mother, his sister and various other helpers and proudly served at 1:30 after hours of cheerful, advance preparation.

"Was there any Thanksgiving tradition observed at that dinner?" I inquired.

"Yes, indeed, there was one tradition invariably adhered to," replied Rudy with emphasis. "We over ate! And when you hear all the good things we had to eat you'll understand why."

It was then that he suggested that I really ought to write down the menu, since it was a long one and we would not wish to omit one single item. Thinking this advice excellent, I brought forth my trusty pencil and note book and that is how I now happen to have this simply grand Thanksgiving. (Continued on page 72)

Programs Day By Day



We've got rhythm—left to right: Jack Oakie, Lonny Ross, Lyda Roberti and Joe Penner strolling around the Paramount lot in Hollywood where they are making the movie, "College Rhythm."

SUNDAYS

(November 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th)

- 9:00 A.M. EST (1/2)—The Balladeers.** Male chorus and instrumental trio. WEAF and an NBC red network station list unavailable.
- 9:00 EST (1)—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's.** Children's program. WABC, WNAO, WCAE, WFBI, WCAO, WDAI, WJOL, WHI, WHIS, WWSA, WDSI, WAK, WGAH, WJAS, WQAM, WSPD, WPG, WLEW, WFLA, WTOG, WSIS, WOKO, CKLW, WJAN, WDBO, WISV, WLOZ, WJHG, WDBF, WNAS, WORC. **11:00 CST—WFHM, KMBC, WJOL, KRLD, KTRH, KERA, WISN, WIW, KNON, WOO, WSPA, WLAC, KESA, KSCJ, WAGO, WMT, KFH, WNA, KGO.** **7:00 MST—KSL.** (Network copy fully subject to change.)
- 9:00 EST (1)—Count to Count on a Hiss.** Milton J. Cross, master of ceremonies. WJZ and an NBC blue network station list unavailable.
- 9:30 EST (1/2)—Trio Romatique.** WEAF and an NBC red network station list unavailable.
- 10:00 EST (1/2)—Southernaires Quartet.** Polynant melodies of the South. WJZ and an NBC blue network station list unavailable.
- 10:00 EST (1/2)—Church of the Air.** WABC and a Columbia network station list unavailable.
- 10:00 EST (1/2)—Sabbath Reveries.** Dr. Charles L. Goodell. Mixed quartet. WEAF and an NBC red network station list unavailable.
- 11:00 EST (5 min.)—News Service.** WEAF, WJZ and NBC red and blue networks. Station list unavailable.
- 11:30 EST (1)—Major Bowen's Capitol Family.** Tom McLaughlin, baritone; Hannah Klein, pianist; Nicholas Casentino, tenor; The Guardians, male quartet; symphony orchestra, Wilko Mayo, conductor. WEAF and an NBC red network station list unavailable.
- 12:00 Noon EST (1/2)—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ.** Magnificence in religious music. WABC, WADC, WOKO, WISV, WDAE, WLEW, WJOL, CKLW, WNAO, WHK, WDBO, WQAM, WLEW, WHP, WJAS, WJAN, WJHG, WSPD, WDBO, WJOL, WFLA, WORC. **11:00 CST—WFHM, KMBC, WJOL, KRLD, KTRH, KERA, KSCJ, WAGO, WISN, WOO, WSPA, WLAC, WMBD, KESA, WIW, WMT, KFH, KNAX, WNOX, KGO, WALA.** **10:00 MST KJZ, KSL, 9:00 PST—KOH.** (Network copy fully subject to change.)
- 12:30 P.M. EST (1)—Radio City Concert.** Symphony orchestra; Chorus; Solists. WJZ and an NBC blue network station list unavailable.
- 12:30 EST (1/2)—Tito Guizar singing with his guitar.** (Brillo.) WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAO, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDBO, WJAS, WJAN, WFBI, WSPD, WISV, WNAS, WORC. **11:30 CST—WFHM, KMBC, WJOL, KRLD, KTRH, KERA, WISN, WIW, WMT, KFH, KNAX, WNOX, KGO, WALA.** **10:00 MST KJZ, KSL, 9:00 PST—KOH.** (Network copy fully subject to change.)
- 1:00 EST (1/2)—Bale Carnegie tells strange tales of people who made history.** Leonard Joy's orchestra. (Miltex.) WEAF, WJZ, WJOL, WDBO, WJAN, WFLA, WNAO, WKBW, WLEW, WHP, WJAS, WJAN, WJHG, WSPD, WDBO, WJOL, WFLA, WORC. **11:00 CST—WFHM, KMBC, WJOL, KRLD, KTRH, KERA, WISN, WIW, WMT, KFH, KNAX, WNOX, KGO, WALA.** **10:00 MST KJZ, KSL, 9:00 PST—KOH.** (Network copy fully subject to change.)

Time we did something about time.

Summer having faded into autumn and daylight saving having been put away in Papa Time's cedar chest, we're going to simplify your life by breaking down our station lists into time divisions.

First, find out whether you live in the Eastern, Central, Mountain or Pacific time zones. Then you can select your stations from the EST, CST, MST or PST groups as the case may be, without bothering to go through the whole list. If you live where you hear stations in two time zones, you'll have to pick from two groups.

Either that, or move.


- 1:00 EST (1/2)—Church of the Air.** WABC, WNAO, WCAE, WFBI, WCAO, WDAI, WJOL, WHI, WHIS, WWSA, WDSI, WAK, WGAH, WJAS, WQAM, WSPD, WPG, WLEW, WFLA, WTOG, WSIS, WOKO, CKLW, WJAN, WDBO, WISV, WLOZ, WJHG, WDBF, WNAS, WORC. **11:00 CST—WFHM, KMBC, WJOL, KRLD, KTRH, KERA, WISN, WIW, WMT, KFH, KNAX, WNOX, KGO, WALA.** **10:00 MST KJZ, KSL, 9:00 PST—KOH.** (Network copy fully subject to change.)
- 1:30 EST (1/2)—The Sunday Forum.** Dr. Ralph W. Sockman. Music and male quartet. WJZ and an NBC blue network station list unavailable.
- 1:30 EST (1/2)—Big music from Little Jack Little.** (Pine.) WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAO, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDBO, WJAS, WJAN, WFBI, WSPD, WISV, WNAS, WORC. **11:00 CST—WFHM, KMBC, WJOL, KRLD, KTRH, KERA, WISN, WIW, WMT, KFH, KNAX, WNOX, KGO, WALA.** **10:00 MST KJZ, KSL, 9:00 PST—KOH.** (Network copy fully subject to change.)
- 1:30 EST (1/2)—Mars Small, literally little in years and name.** William Wirgin orchestra. Guest artists: (B. T. Habbitt and Co.) WEAF, WJZ, WJOL, WDBO, WJAN, WFLA, WNAO, WKBW, WLEW, WHP, WJAS, WJAN, WJHG, WSPD, WDBO, WJOL, WFLA, WORC. **11:00 CST—WFHM, KMBC, WJOL, KRLD, KTRH, KERA, WISN, WIW, WMT, KFH, KNAX, WNOX, KGO, WALA.** **10:00 MST KJZ, KSL, 9:00 PST—KOH.** (Network copy fully subject to change.)
- 1:45 EST (1/2)—Pat Kennedy with Art Kessel and his Kessels in the Air Orchestra.** (Paris Medicine Co.) WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAO, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDBO, WJAS, WJAN, WFBI, WSPD, WISV, WNAS, WORC. **11:00 CST—WFHM, KMBC, WJOL, KRLD, KTRH, KERA, WISN, WIW, WMT, KFH, KNAX, WNOX, KGO, WALA.** **10:00 MST KJZ, KSL, 9:00 PST—KOH.** (Network copy fully subject to change.)

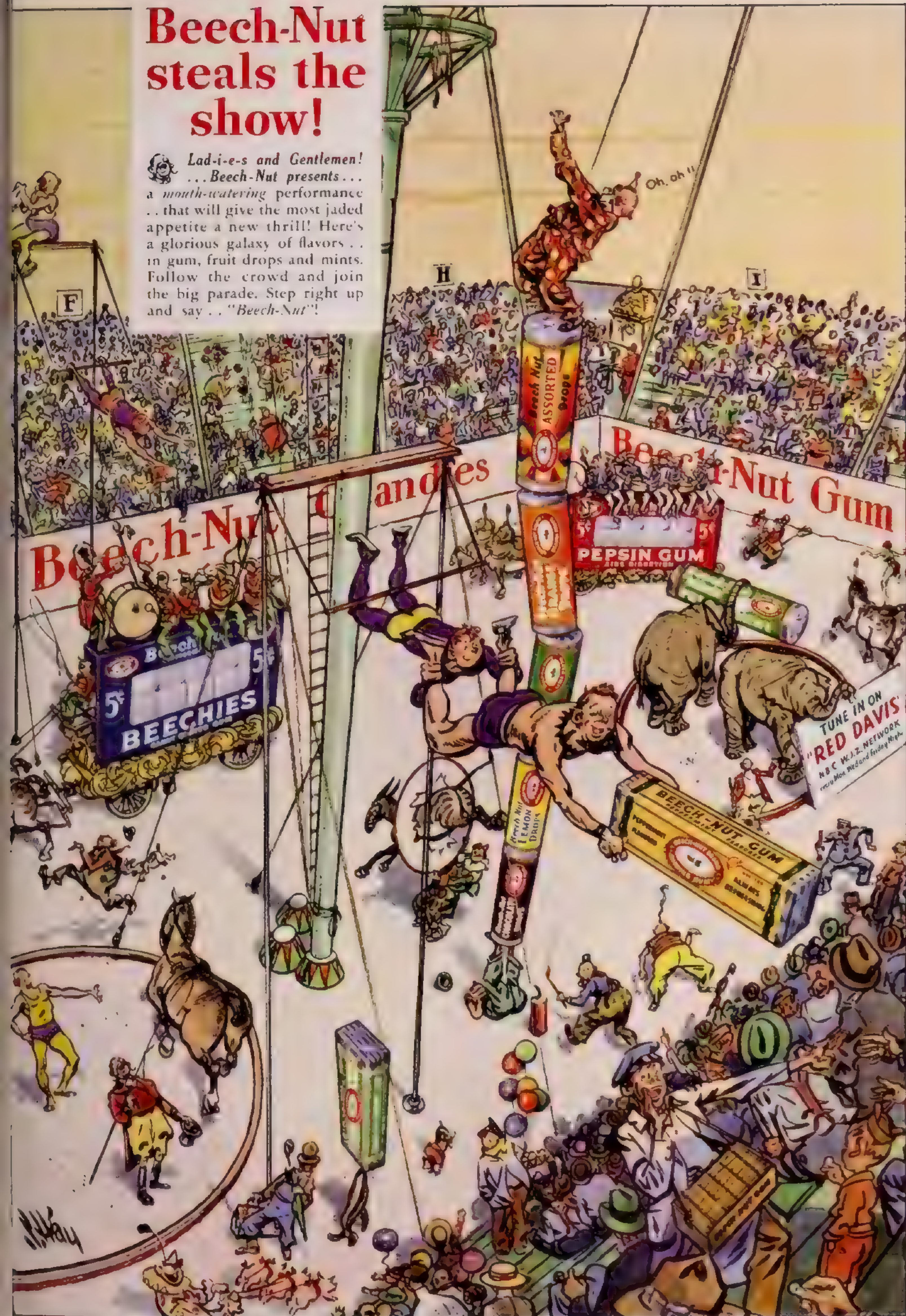
- WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAO, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDBO, WJAS, WJAN, WFBI, WSPD, WISV, WNAS, WORC. 1:00 CST—WFHM, KMBC, WJOL, KRLD, KTRH, KERA, WISN, WIW, WMT, KFH, KNAX, WNOX, KGO, WALA. 11:00 A.M. PST—KOH.**
- 2:00 EST (1/2)—Larry Dan, the Minstrel Man.** (Irving Kaufman to us) (Boyle Floor Wax.) WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAO, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDBO, WJAS, WJAN, WFBI, WSPD, WISV, WNAS, WORC. **1:00 CST—WFHM, KMBC, WJOL, KRLD, KTRH, KERA, WISN, WIW, WMT, KFH, KNAX, WNOX, KGO, WALA. 11:00 A.M. PST—KOH.**
- 2:00 EST (1/2)—Mohawk Treasure Chest (Mohawk Rugs).** WEAF, WJZ, WJOL, WDBO, WJAN, WFLA, WNAO, WKBW, WLEW, WHP, WJAS, WJAN, WJHG, WSPD, WDBO, WJOL, WFLA, WORC. **1:00 CST—WFHM, KMBC, WJOL, KRLD, KTRH, KERA, WISN, WIW, WMT, KFH, KNAX, WNOX, KGO, WALA. 11:00 A.M. PST—KOH.**
- 2:15 EST (1/2)—Facts about Fido.** Bob Becker chats about dogs. WJZ, WJOL, WDBO, WJAN, WFLA, WNAO, WKBW, WLEW, WHP, WJAS, WJAN, WJHG, WSPD, WDBO, WJOL, WFLA, WORC. **1:00 CST—WFHM, KMBC, WJOL, KRLD, KTRH, KERA, WISN, WIW, WMT, KFH, KNAX, WNOX, KGO, WALA. 11:00 A.M. PST—KOH.**
- 2:30 EST (1/2)—Hill's Program.** (Wjeth Chemical Co.) WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAO, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDBO, WJAS, WJAN, WFBI, WSPD, WISV, WNAS, WORC. **1:00 CST—WFHM, KMBC, WJOL, KRLD, KTRH, KERA, WISN, WIW, WMT, KFH, KNAX, WNOX, KGO, WALA. 11:00 A.M. PST—KOH.**
- 3:00 EST (1)—New York Philharmonic Orchestra.** WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAO, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDBO, WJAS, WJAN, WFBI, WSPD, WISV, WNAS, WORC. **1:00 CST—WFHM, KMBC, WJOL, KRLD, KTRH, KERA, WISN, WIW, WMT, KFH, KNAX, WNOX, KGO, WALA. 11:00 A.M. PST—KOH.**
- 3:00 EST (1/2)—Talkie Picture Time—Dramatic Sketches (Luxor, Ltd.).** WEAF, WJZ, WJOL, WDBO, WJAN, WFLA, WNAO, WKBW, WLEW, WHP, WJAS, WJAN, WJHG, WSPD, WDBO, WJOL, WFLA, WORC. **1:00 CST—WFHM, KMBC, WJOL, KRLD, KTRH, KERA, WISN, WIW, WMT, KFH, KNAX, WNOX, KGO, WALA. 11:00 A.M. PST—KOH.**
- 3:30 EST (1/2)—Maybelline Musical Romances.** Harry Jackson's orchestra. Don Mario Alvarez, soloist; guest stars. WEAF, WJZ, WJOL, WDBO, WJAN, WFLA, WNAO, WKBW, WLEW, WHP, WJAS, WJAN, WJHG, WSPD, WDBO, WJOL, WFLA, WORC. **1:00 CST—WFHM, KMBC, WJOL, KRLD, KTRH, KERA, WISN, WIW, WMT, KFH, KNAX, WNOX, KGO, WALA. 11:00 A.M. PST—KOH.**
- 4:30 EST (1/2)—Tony Wona.** (N. C. Johnson & Co.) KSTP, WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAO, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDBO, WJAS, WJAN, WFBI, WSPD, WISV, WNAS, WORC. **1:00 CST—WFHM, KMBC, WJOL, KRLD, KTRH, KERA, WISN, WIW, WMT, KFH, KNAX, WNOX, KGO, WALA. 11:00 A.M. PST—KOH.**

(Continued on page 80)

TIME FLIES PLEASANTLY IF YOU USE OUR NEW RADIO PROGRAM SET-UP

Beech-Nut steals the show!

 **Lad-i-e-s and Gentlemen!**
... Beech-Nut presents ...
a mouth-watering performance
... that will give the most jaded
appetite a new thrill! Here's
a glorious galaxy of flavors ...
in gum, fruit drops and mints.
Follow the crowd and join
the big parade. Step right up
and say ... "Beech-Nut"!





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73. 2094-2095 74. 2096-2097 75. 2098-2099 76. 2100-2101 77. 2102-2103 78. 2104-2105 79. 2106-2107 80. 2108-2109 81. 2110-2111 82. 2112-2113 83. 2114-2115 84. 2116-2117 85. 2118-2119 86. 2120-2121 87. 2122-2123 88. 2124-2125 89. 2126-2127 90. 2128-2129 91. 2130-2131 92. 2132-2133 93. 2134-2135 94. 2136-2137 95. 2138-2139 96. 2140-2141 97. 2142-2143 98. 2144-2145 99. 2146-2147 100. 2148-2149 101. 2150-2151 102. 2152-2153 103. 2154-2155 104. 2156-2157 105. 2158-2159 106. 2160-2161 107. 2162-2163 108. 2164-2165 109. 2166-2167 110. 2168-2169 111. 2170-2171 112. 2172-2173 113. 2174-2175 114. 2176-2177 115. 2178-2179 116. 2180-2181 117. 2182-2183 118. 2184-2185 119. 2186-2187 120. 2188-2189 121. 2190-2191 122. 2192-2193 123. 2194-2195 124. 2196-2197 125. 2198-2199 126. 2200-2201 127. 2202-2203 128. 2204-2205 129. 2206-2207 130. 2208-2209 131. 2210-2211 132. 2212-2213 133. 2214-2215 134. 2216-2217 135. 2218-2219 136. 2220-2221 137. 2222-2223 138. 2224-2225 139. 2226-2227 140. 2228-2229 141. 2230-2231 142. 2232-2233 143. 2234-2235 144. 2236-2237 145. 2238-2239 146. 2240-2241 147. 2242-2243 148. 2244-2245 149. 2246-2247 150. 2248-2249 151. 2250-2251 152. 2252-2253 153. 2254-2255 154. 2256-2257 155. 2258-2259 156. 2260-2261 157. 2262-2263 158. 2264-2265 159. 2266-2267 160. 2268-2269 161. 2270-2271 162. 2272-2273 163. 2274-2275 164. 2276-2277 165. 2278-2279 166. 2280-2281 167. 2282-2283 168. 2284-2285 169. 2286-2287 170. 2288-2289 171. 2290-2291 172. 2292-2293 173. 2294-2295 174. 2296-2297 175. 2298-2299 176. 2300-2301 177. 2302-2303 178. 2304-2305 179. 2306-2307 180. 2308-2309 181. 2310-2311 182. 2312-2313 183. 2314-2315 184. 2316-2317 185. 2318-2319 186. 2320-2321 187. 2322-2323 188. 2324-2325 189. 2326-2327 190. 2328-2329 191. 2330-2331 192. 2332-2333 193. 2334-2335 194. 2336-2337 195. 2338-2339 196. 2340-2341 197. 2342-2343 198. 2344-2345 199. 2346-2347 200. 2348-2349 201. 2350-2351 202. 2352-2353 203. 2354-2355 204. 2356-2357 205. 2358-2359 206. 2360-2361 207. 2362-2363 208. 2364-2365 209. 2366-2367 210. 2368-2369 211. 2370-2371 212. 2372-2373 213. 2374-2375 214. 2376-2377 215. 2378-2379 216. 2380-2381 217. 2382-2383 218. 2384-2385 219. 2386-2387 220. 2388-2389 221. 2390-2391 222. 2392-2393 223. 2394-2395 224. 2396-2397 225. 2398-2399 226. 2400-2401 227. 2402-2403 228. 2404-2405 229. 2406-2407 230. 2408-2409 231. 2410-2411 232. 2412-2413 233. 2414-2415 234. 2416-2417 235. 2418-2419 236. 2420-2421 237. 2422-2423 238. 2424-2425 239. 2426-2427 240. 2428-2429 241. 2430-2431 242. 2432-2433 243. 2434-2435 244. 2436-2437 245. 2438-2439 246. 2440-2441 247. 2442-2443 248. 2444-2445 249. 2446-2447 250. 2448-2449 251. 2450-2451 252. 2452-2453 253. 2454-2455 254. 2456-2457 255. 2458-2459 256. 2460-2461 257. 2462-2463 258. 2464-2465 259. 2466-2467 260. 2468-2469 261. 2470-2471 262. 2472-2473 263. 2474-2475 264. 2476-2477 265. 2478-2479 266. 2480-2481 267. 2482-2483 268. 2484-2485 269. 2486-2487 270. 2488-2489 271. 2490-2491 272. 2492-2493 273. 2494-2495 274. 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3294-3295 674. 3296-3297 675. 3298-3299 676. 3300-3301 677. 3302-3303 678. 3304-3305 679. 3306-3307 680. 3308-3309 681. 3310-3311 682. 3312-3313 683. 3314-3315 684. 3316-3317 685. 3318-3319 686. 3320-3321 687. 3322-3323 688. 3324-3325 689. 3326-3327 690. 3328-3329 691. 3330-3331 692. 3332-3333 693. 3334-3335 694. 3336-3337 695. 3338-3339 696. 3340-3341 697. 3342-3343 698. 3344-3345 699. 3346-3347 700. 3348-3349 701. 3350-3351 702. 3352-3353 703. 3354-3355 704. 3356-3357 705. 3358-3359 706. 3360-3361 707. 3362-3363 708. 3364-3365 709. 3366-3367 710. 3368-3369 711. 3370-3371 712. 3372-3373 713. 3374-3375 714. 3376-3377 715. 3378-3379 716. 3380-3381 717. 3382-3383 718. 3384-3385 719. 3386-3387 720. 3388-3389 721. 3390-3391 722. 3392-3393 723. 3394-3395 724. 3396-3397 725. 3398-3399 726. 3400-3401 727. 3402-3403 728. 3404-3405 729. 3406-3407 730. 3408-3409 731. 3410-3411 732. 3412-3413 733. 3414-3415 734. 3416-3417 735. 3418-3419 736. 3420-3421 737. 3422-3423 738. 3424-3425 739. 3426-3427 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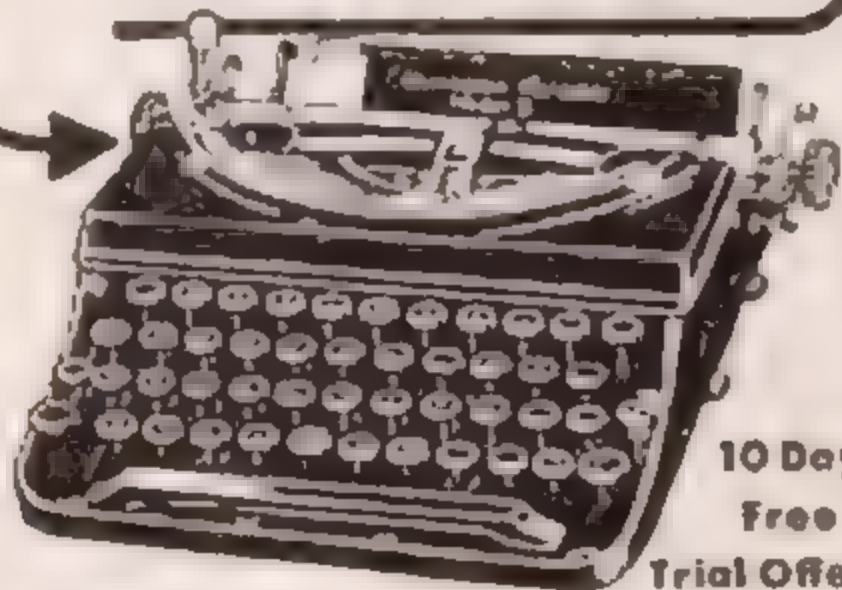
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1177

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TORCH SINGER

1. The first step is to identify the main topic of the document. This is typically found in the title or the first few paragraphs.

[illegible]

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the project.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves identifying the resources needed, the timeline, and the specific actions to be taken.

4. After the plan is developed, the next step is to implement the project. This involves putting the plan into action and monitoring progress along the way.

5. Finally, the project is evaluated to determine its effectiveness and impact. This involves assessing the results against the objectives and goals and identifying any lessons learned for future projects.

It is important to note that the results of the present study are based on a cross-sectional design. Therefore, the causal relationships between the variables cannot be definitively established. Longitudinal studies would be beneficial to explore the temporal dynamics of these relationships. Additionally, the study was conducted in a specific cultural context, and the findings may not be generalizable to other cultures or populations. Future research should aim to replicate the study in diverse settings to enhance the external validity of the findings.

[illegible][illegible]

You'll be glad I do, and we're
 certainly better off. I don't want
 to go to a school where, like the
 other, I can't sing. I want to learn
 your songs and look for new ones and see
 the one or two I can't do anything.

He does not let me know what he's doing, but I know all about his trips because he always takes me. The love he has for me was a miracle. Why didn't he tell me? My heart stopped for a moment.

"I want to buy a new car," he said after a long pause. "But we've got to be next door. You've got your stuff over there going to show me."

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

!!

[illegible]

We had a big success. I could not
 breathe at all and I was feeling
 grateful to Cass for protecting me in
 my old position.

[Faint handwritten notes]

Lanny Ross Turns M. C.

11. 11. 1941. 11. 11. 1941. 11. 11. 1941.

KOMO, Seattle; KHIQ, Spokane;
KPSD, San Diego;
9:30 p.m. KOA, Denver; KMYI, Salt
Lake City;
10:30 p.m. WBY, Olympia, Ore;

WFAA WFAA Dallas Fort Worth
KPRC Houston WOAI San Antonio
KTBS Shreveport KTHS
Spartanburg Springs
Tomball and more here

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Dr. M. J. J. van den Broek, *Director*
 Vrije Universiteit, Amsterdam, The Netherlands
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7. The following information is provided for the year ended 31 December 2014:

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1. **Subject:** [Blank]
 2. **Class:** [Blank]
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 4. **Page:** [Blank]

1. The first step is to identify the key components of the system. This includes understanding the hardware, software, and data involved.

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1036.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and the role of the accounting department in ensuring the integrity of the financial statements.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze data, including interviews, surveys, and focus groups.

3. The third part of the document describes the results of the study, highlighting the key findings and the implications for practice.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the limitations of the study and suggests areas for future research.

5. The fifth part of the document provides a conclusion and summarizes the main points of the study.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

And now we come to the dessert course at last, that part of the meal for which young and old always save a little room, and because of which the wiser ones refrain from any further dings of turkey! If you'll glance at the menu you will see that for the Yuletide Thanksgiving Dinner two kinds of pie are called for. Naturally that would be the case for we are speaking of New England where pies reign supreme. With the pie, coffee was served to the grown-ups while the children were given their choice of milk or sweetener.

[illegible][illegible]

I have been thinking a lot in the past couple of months about how a social revolution is going to be achieved. I just think the Pumpkins are our friend. In the last place, the kids are great examples of being not interested in you. When the kids are out of school at Pumpkin Pie week, they are not looking for the kids. Most kids turn out to be too busy for going to school. Even the kids in their teens will have to come in mostly for their share of the Money Pie because it is a very important thing for the groups are likely to meet upon their needs.

A true Mince Pie is a saving Mince Pie. It is the mince pie, with a thin flaky crisp crust having a good crumbly molli. Is the tries of a fork its guage thro' it to break thru the molli at any moment. On the top of the molli is a little Mince made with storables with a sharp knife serves the duty of preventing pre-luining its name and allowing the steam to escape during the baking. This being our first Recipe I thank you very much may be may be you who will wish to include a little spirit in your Mince Pie. Most of you I am sure will purchase your Mince Meat ready prepared instead of going to the butcher & making it. After emptying this flavorless Mince Meat into a bowl, add a little brand or other liquor in sufficient quantity & flavor to your taste. By that I mean that you'll really have to taste it. I hesitate to

Take that "old" dress, give it a smart new color with Rit . . . and have a "new" frock that costs almost nothing—looks "like a million"! Rit is easy, quick, sure.

IT'S fun to dress better and SAVE MONEY with Rit Tints and Dyes—bring your wardrobe up to date each season with the new colors that every one admires! • Rit contains one patented ingredient that makes the color soak in deeper - last longer. • 33 Sparkling Rit Colors. 15c at all drug stores and notion counters.



RT

1. 1980 年 1 月 1 日以前
 2. 1980 年 1 月 1 日以后
 3. 1980 年 1 月 1 日以前
 4. 1980 年 1 月 1 日以后

RADIO STARS

ive you more definite directions because, then adding a "stick" to Mince Meat, preferences vary greatly as to quantity.

Delicious though Mince Pie may be, Pumpkin Pie is not one jot less of a Thanksgiving institution. This pie—a golden brown treat—merits its place on any menu and more than justifies the lyric description given it by a Quaker poet of another day:

What moistens the lips and what brightens the eye

What calls back the past like rich Pumpkin Pie!"

SMALL slices of American Cheese are the time honored accompaniment of Pumpkin Pie, as you know. But had it ever occurred to you that a cheese crust could be equally fitting and much more novel? I have tested out this suggestion with complete success, in fact so enthusiastic am I, that I have included the recipe for this Cheese Crust in this month's Radio Stars Cooking School folder, together with recipes for traditional Thanksgiving foods suggested by Rudy Vallee. Naturally I couldn't think of giving you a recipe for a crust for Pumpkin Pie without giving you the ingredients for the pumpkin filling itself, a recipe that can be followed easily, whether you use fresh or canned pumpkin. Another recipe in the folder is one for Scalloped Onions which played an important part in the vegetable squad of the Vallee menu. Still another is for Chestnut stuffing as Rudy Vallee likes it—light, fluffy, tasty, and delightfully seasoned.

You will want to have these recipes in your files, I am sure, because they will enable you to serve many dishes like those Rudy remembers having had in his own home in Maine. Therefore you will be glad to know that by just filling out the coupon and mailing it to me without delay you will get these recipes absolutely free! And let me assure you, that not only will you enjoy serving these foods on Thanksgiving, but you will find them equally good to serve at Christmas and on many other festive occasions. Therefore take the necessary steps to add these recipes to your collection so that, (in the words of one of the Pilgrims when speaking of the first Thanksgiving)—"you may after a more peaceful manner rejoice."

This is the Radio Stars Cooking School signing off with the cordial wish that you and yours will gather from far and near to celebrate this day of Thanksgiving under the paternal roof, patting aside your unrelaxing application to work in order to concentrate on home ties and home provender.

This is Nancy Wood speaking—good afternoon, everybody.



WE GOT SOME GRAND CHRISTMAS BARGAINS BY SHOPPING EARLY

COME HOME WITH ME FOR LUNCH AND I'LL SHOW YOU A BETTER BARGAIN STILL



WHAT A DELICIOUS LUNCH I NEVER TASTED SUCH WONDERFUL SPAGHETTI

AND IMAGINE, IT COMES ALL READY-COOKED FOR JUST TEN CENTS A CAN



IT'S FRANCO-AMERICAN, YOU SAY? I'LL GET SOME THIS VERY DAY. THE SAUCE IS MARVELOUS

ISN'T IT? WE WOULDN'T GO BACK TO HOME-COOKED SPAGHETTI FOR ANYTHING

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I USED to get many a compliment on the way I prepared spaghetti. But I realize now that mine couldn't hold a candle to Franco-American. Good as my sauce was, there is a whole lot better. And it actually cost me more to buy the dry spaghetti and other ingredients and prepare it at home than it does to get a can of Franco-American all ready-cooked."

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Franco-American. You simply heat and serve. Skilled chefs have done all the work, concocted a matchless sauce containing eleven different ingredients...

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There is a great deal of interest in the subject of heavy metals in the environment. As this is a complex subject, I have written a book on the subject. The book is titled "Heavy Metals in the Environment". It is a comprehensive guide to the subject, covering the sources, effects, and control of heavy metals in the environment. The book is written in a clear and concise style, and is suitable for both students and professionals. It is available in paperback and hardcover formats. The price is \$19.95. The book is published by John Wiley & Sons, Inc. The ISBN is 0-471-85000-0. The book is available at <http://www.wiley.com>.

RADIOS are the least expensive to purchase in the shop. And they are also the easiest to bring to America from Hawaii. The youngsters seized the radios, and a 10-year-old child at the desk, twice and three times, with the fear-stricken or curious expression of a deer, it was not a very pleasant. As far as sets are going, high-class, they look like some of the latest, something modern and something practical, with a magnificent effect and the best of sound. It is a pity that Americans

The most important principle of Aristotle's ethics is the idea of the golden mean. It is the idea that for every action, there is a right and a wrong, and the right action is the one that is in the middle, or the mean, between the two extremes. For example, if you are angry, the right action is to be angry in the right way, not too much and not too little. This is the golden mean, and it is the key to living a good life.

"No, I want the 'bangles' out of the 'bangles' they don't intend to be 'bangles'. Just as at the beginning of America we don't get 'bangles' from the 'bangles' of the 'bangles' but from the 'bangles' of the 'bangles'. All the 'bangles' and the 'bangles'. However, get it over, 'bangles'."

Take or not, for instance. (You may have it if I do not want it.) I've just been listening to the cricket moments of one of the most important test matches between England and Australia. I see very clearly now how we have to realize that these overseas are not only the total point of English living for the whole population of the country, are going on, but they can even cause a political crisis. And do

The new "big shirt" introduced by one of the English players has almost severed diplomatic relations between England and Australia. I doubt very much if they worked up more national feeling during the war. It is a headline in all the papers, even a corner news-boy holds posters screaming out the latest word on it, half an hour of the newscast in every cinema is devoted to shots of it.

JUST a minute till I tell you what the "leg theory" is. You see, in cricket if a bowler (pitcher) hits the batter's leg he puts the batter out. Now comes an English bowler who gets the idea that if he aims at the batter's leg he gets him out quicker. That is false. That is almost false. For centuries the British have been aiming at the center behind the bat-

The first of these is the fact that the
 government has been unable to
 control the money supply. The
 result has been a steady increase
 in the price level. When the
 government prints money, it
 creates inflation. This is bad
 for the economy because it
 reduces the value of money.

There are two basic methods for determining the relative concentrations of the components of a mixture. The first is by using a standard curve. This involves comparing the peak area of a component in the sample to the peak area of the same component in a standard solution of known concentration. The second method is by using a calibration curve. This involves comparing the retention time of a component in the sample to the retention time of the same component in a standard solution of known concentration.

Well, in that sense, it is what you are talking about. The most critical moment in the evolution of the game on which I have been thinking is, "What do we need to do to make it work?" And the answer is that it is keeping the "recessed" New Englanders in the league, so that the game is not too one-sided. For example, there is a

[illegible]

I said yes. But do you think I like to take an Mr. Name? Well...

NOW the tight game is over, at least to the radio audience. The sports reports last just a few minutes three or four times during the course of the match.

The next part of the program is a 15-minute session on the importance of the teacher.

11. 11. 11.

And ...

And they will be

By and by it comes. Nobody minds delay. I was amazed at first, so I ask around. I asked them up at the "Broadcasting House." I asked all the birds the different branches of broadcasting.

The answers all came to the same thing. The first one put quite like this is that when the program does come, it is worth waiting for, which differentiates it from certain programs they could mention that don't. We'd let that one pass. As the answer is that they have consciously and intentionally conditioned their public against an impatient attitude toward radio. They've taught them that they can't expect to get anything really good

RADIO STARS

getting just by turning a dial and waiting for something to reach right out and snatch their attention and hold it at no matter what point they tune in. They say they have educated their public to a careful, thoughtful, attentive approach to the radio, made them realize that they must expect to give time and even prolonged concentration to programs in order to get the most out of them. And that in return they'll get something better than anything that could be swallowed in hasty, careless doses.

Once conditioned to that idea, they say, the people are not likely to be impatient at a few minutes' delay. That's the reason they give you why the BBC doesn't suffer the acute, refined torture that we do over the exact timing of programs. As a matter of fact, the delays are usually at the most a matter of a very few minutes. It just *seems* long to American ears. And a few minutes more or less don't matter so greatly in the life of an English person. The English don't make a fetish of shaving split seconds off their personal routine.

THEIR attitude to time is much like that of the English guest of an up-town New Yorker who was being taken by subway to his host's office. The bewildered Britisher followed his guide back and forth in frenzied leaps across the teeming platform, from local train to jammed express, from express to local again. As they emerged he asked, "I say, why the dash in and out of trains?" The American answered, "Why, we saved two minutes on the trip that way." The Englishman considered. "What," he asked quietly, "are you going to do with the two minutes?"

The English listener-in sits happily and smokes his pipe and looks into his fire and reflects. England is a great little nation of ponderers. One thought can last them a long time. They don't feel that the act of the broadcasting company in leaving them to a few minutes of their own unadulterated company is necessarily an insult. Being English, they rather like their own company.

Some of the pauses are by artistic intent. Val Gielgud, the brilliant young head of the drama department of BBC, says that any play good enough for him to give his audience is good enough to call for a couple of minutes of reflection at the end; that if he builds a mood up to a climax he feels it would be barbarous to jerk the listener out of it suddenly. So he purposely delays giving the signal to the engineers that the play is over until the audience has had a moment to recover before the next act on the program. I thought of some of our more famous Rude Awakenings and was glad that twelve-minutes-of-symphony-and-three-minutes-of-cigarettes was already a part of unhallowed memory.

But there are other reasons why the BBC can be lax in its timing. And they are probably the really significant ones. The chief one is that there is no competition. No other broadcasting company can lure away the tuning finger. The BBC is a government fathered monopoly of the ether. And it is not commercial. Even though I do tune in to Paris or Stuttgart or Milan, the BBC doesn't mind.

● *"Let's see—how does this walking business go? Clench fists, put one foot ahead of the other—but what do I do after that?... Oh, why did I ever take up walking anyway? I was doing fine, getting carried or going on all fours—"*



● *"Oops! Something wrong with that idea! Feet are all right, but the rest of me's getting left far, far behind! That's an awfully hard floor down there, too—I remember it from last time! Well, look out below—I'm coming..."*



● *"Well, so far, so good! It won't be long now till I get to that nice splashy tub—and then for a good rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder!... Now which foot goes ahead first? Might try both at once—the more the merrier—"*



● *"... Everything's O. K. again, now that I've had my rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder... Just test that powder between your thumb and finger—it's so smooth! Not gritty, like some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root in it either."*

Send 10¢ in coin (for convenience, fasten coin with strip of adhesive tape) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Dept. 136, New Brunswick, N. J. **Johnson & Johnson** NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

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Dine and Dance here every evening
in the city's smartest restaurant

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New . . . and beautiful. Featuring a
famous orchestra and stars of the entertain-
ment world.

They won't lose the Pepsodent account.

These foreign stations of course help to make radio really worth ten bob a year to English listeners. I can't describe the sensation of sitting in my own armchair and picking around among the best music in the world from Munich, languishing waltzes from Vienna, rowdy, gypsy tunes from Budapest, the naughtiest songs and jokes via the *Poste-Parisien*. Maybe I don't understand the naughty nuances, but I catch the accent. And what language lessons—from Barcelona, Copenhagen, Riga, Amsterdam, Warsaw—not to mention Schenectady and good old Station KDKA.

IN England there is no objection if we want to listen to foreign stations. On the contrary. The BBC cashes in on it. Running a remarkable business of publishing on the side, including compilations of all the BBC programs in book form they publish three magazines: one for the time listings of all programs, one for the general highbrow interest based on the BBC programs and another called *World Radio*, which helps anyone who listens to foreign stations to know how to get them and how to understand them when you do get them.

The English feel pretty superior about their broadcasting. Partly because they are English and hence feel superior about everything. Partly because they have been put on the defensive by American criticism which gripes them more than they'll admit; and partly because they really do have something to be superior about.

There is no question that BBC is free to hold its programs to a definite higher standard, aesthetically, ethically, and—God help us—educationally. Not having to sell anything but their programs, they can afford to give people programs whose appeal is not to the lowest common denominator of public taste.

The program builders are not faced with the unhappy necessity of building an unbalanced radio menu—a menu cloying because it is entirely of sweets on the theory of each sponsor that sweets are the most popular item on the bill of fare. They don't have to play down to the quickest reaction and the laziest response. They can even afford to take time to build up a new taste on the public palate. They have definitely done a real educational job. They have taught the people to get a kick out of good plays put on at full length. Some of the BBC scientific discussions are big-time stuff—not watered down or dressed up with chocolate sauce.

Art does not have to be colored with sentiment, and medical subjects do not need censoring for the benefit of patent medicine advertisers.

Censorship does not seem quite the big bad wolf it's painted. They have stiff moral necks, it's true. But so have they in America. One unbreakable rule is that marital infidelity must not even be suggested in any terms. That rules out a great many scenes from plays I've heard in America. On the other hand I listened to one play here in which the heroine made a practice of posing in the nude, a practice and a broadcast which I think would be frowned on in Dubuque.

The English listener for all his respect feels very proprietary about his radio. He has opinions about what it gives him and he does not hesitate to let the BBC know how he feels about it. Not only to the BBC but by letters in the papers, does he express himself in no uncertain terms. Because of this the BBC system of telling time is apparently about to die an early death. When you read this, the announcers will probably not be saying "A variety program will go on at 20:35," but just plain 8:35 p. m.

Occasionally I'm tempted to make the high, wide and handsome statement that the English wireless means more to the listener-in than the American radio does. I think of the "Time to Spare!" series which have shaken the National Government at its very foundations. It's just a simple little broadcast every week, in which an actual unemployed man or woman tells the cruel facts of their existence—how they use a threadbare army overcoat to cover the cold bed on which she sleeps in midwinter, how they put the children to bed early, because otherwise the bread and margarine will not last until the morning. Very simple, very calm and matter of fact. But it has taught the public what it means in about ten million people's lives to live on the dole with an allowance of fifty cents a week for each child's expenses. And this thirteen-week series of broadcasts may overturn the set up of the government. That's what radio does in England.

Then I think of how the radio is used in America. I think of President Roosevelt holding the people warmly in the hollow of his hand by the sound of his voice in all the country's parlors saying "My friends." (And I am homesick now.)

I don't know. I guess it all comes down to this: Radio is Power. I wonder what will happen when we learn to use it?

Things Always Happen to John Barclay

(Continued from page 33)

towers over theirs. Many comment on it.

When you're that tall, you have to be careful of every step you take, of everything you do. So what was John Barclay doing? At the Harrow School he was taking part in every athletic competition, and especially in the cross-country races. The doctors warned him, "If you don't stop, you'll get an athletic heart. You ought to take things easy." But did he

heed them? You can imagine how much

One day a group of boys decided to race eight miles across the country. "I'll race with you," said John. And race he did, madly, his feet flying ahead of them till the world spun and his heart beat like some strange engine!

The next thing he knew he was lying in a sickbed, and the doctor was bending over him and shaking his head gravely

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Start training now
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good paying posi-
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you, too, can prepare yourself
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of Radio, and much of it is
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for every "star" whom you can
name, Broadcasting has hun-
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Name.....Age.....

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His mother, that Spartan woman, was try-
ing to look unconcerned. Faintly John
could make out what the doctor was say-
ing, "The boy will die unless you take
him to Bad Nauheim." And his mother's
answer, "We'll go around the world. That
will be much more amusing." And around
the world they went.

Thus the first great adventure of his life
came to John because he took the golden
bands of his life, scooped them up in his
hands, and started to fling them away. He
took a chance and flung caution to the
winds.

The boat they chose to sail on was a
Japanese ship. So dangerous was the
boat that Lloyd's of London had refused
to insure it. In this unsafe vessel they
were caught in a typhoon in the Yellow
Sea. Running the engine full blast, the
crew tried to anchor. Instead the boat
reeled backwards, narrowly missing some
rocks as it went into the harbor. The
mocking face of death was everywhere,
but there was no real fear in the boy's
heart. To him death has always seemed
only an interlude, so he doesn't give a
inker's damn about it.

At last the boat ended its perilous jour-
ney. John Barclay had faced death and
had not been afraid.

SHORTLY after, the hot breath of death
and danger blew once more upon the
boy's cheek when he was lost with several
friends in the Chinese city of Kiukang on
the Yangtze River.

Throngs of beggars and lepers closed in
on them as they walked in single file along
the narrow streets. Unbearable was the
stench of those grim, ragged beggars and
horrible lepers, who persisted in coming
up close to them and demanding alms.

In the group was a hot-headed boy from
Oxford, and when the lepers touched him
with their foul hands, there was a mo-
ment when it seemed as if he would
strike out at them. John knew very well
what the result of a fight would be. The
beggars would all join against them and
knives be stuck into unprotected backs.

It was madness to stand there doing
nothing. Madness not to try to get hold
of that hot-headed boy and tell him to
keep his hands to himself. But John
simply stood there, grinning in the teeth
of death, and Death came along, saw
how he was taking things, said "Hello,
pal. See you some other time," and then
flew away again. With an effort the Ox-
ford boy kept his hands off the lepers and
the party escaped death.

Finally the world tour ended, and John
went to Cambridge. Here his life might
have flowed along in peaceful channels,
but England joined the World War. And
so did John.

He enlisted and was made a commis-
sioned officer with the London Territori-
als, where he was under the direct line
of fire. But within a fortnight his weak
heart was discovered and he was com-
pelled to take a job behind the lines.

Even then he just couldn't sit still and
do nothing, so he originated the 60th Di-
vision Concert Party, which entertained
the men who were going to the front. And
it was here that he decided that if ever
he got a chance, he'd cultivate his voice in
earnest and go on the stage.

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